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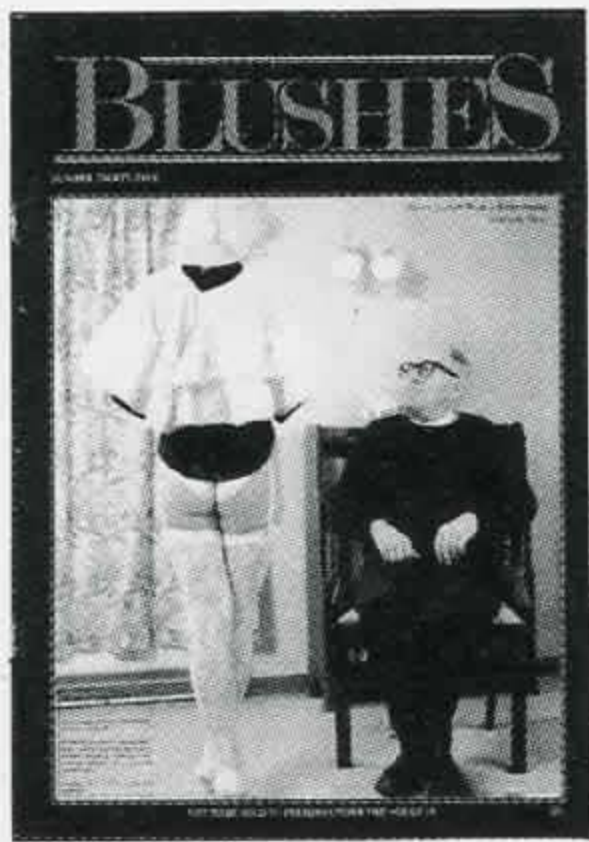
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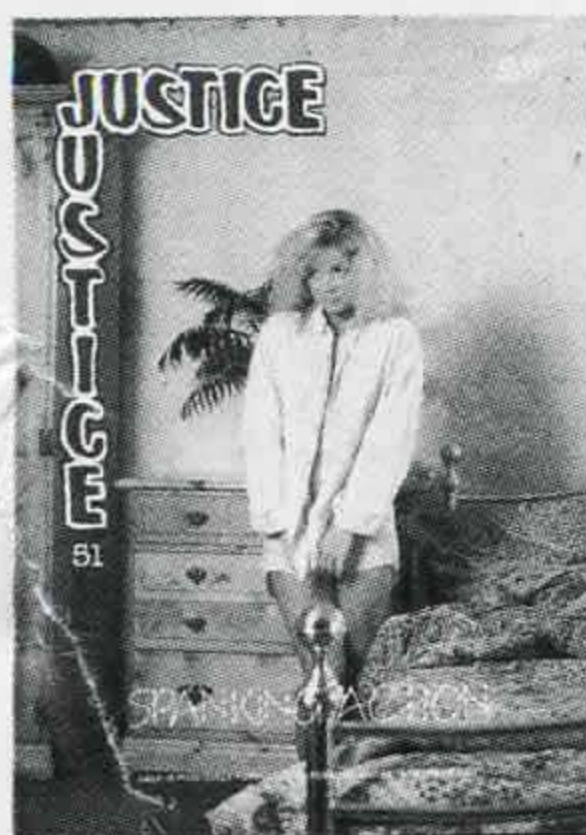
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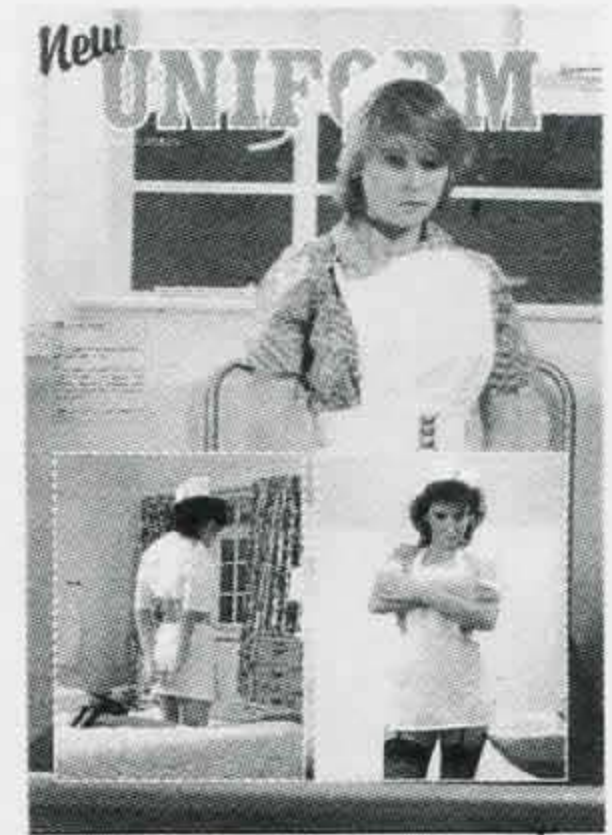
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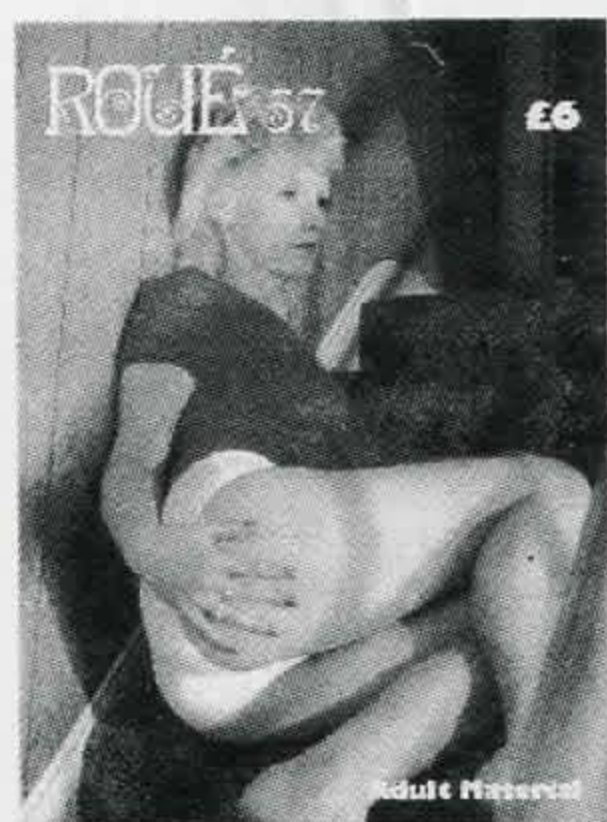
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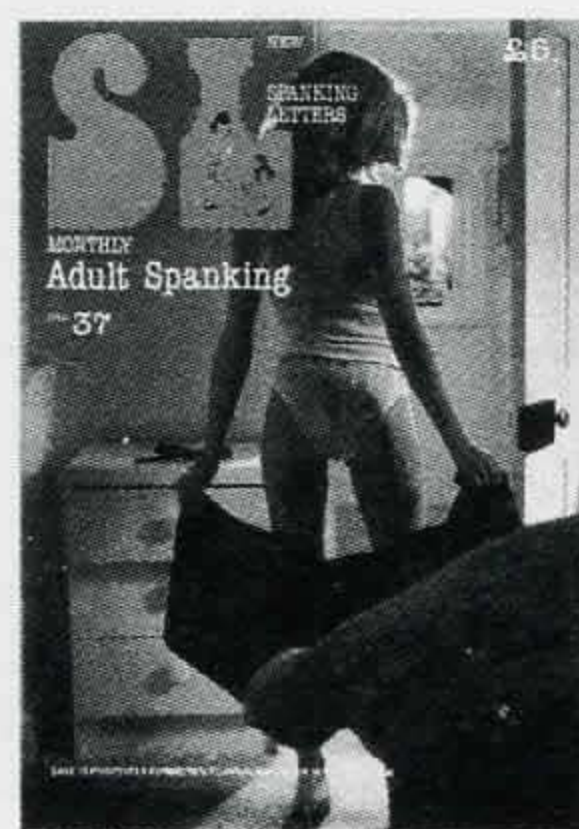
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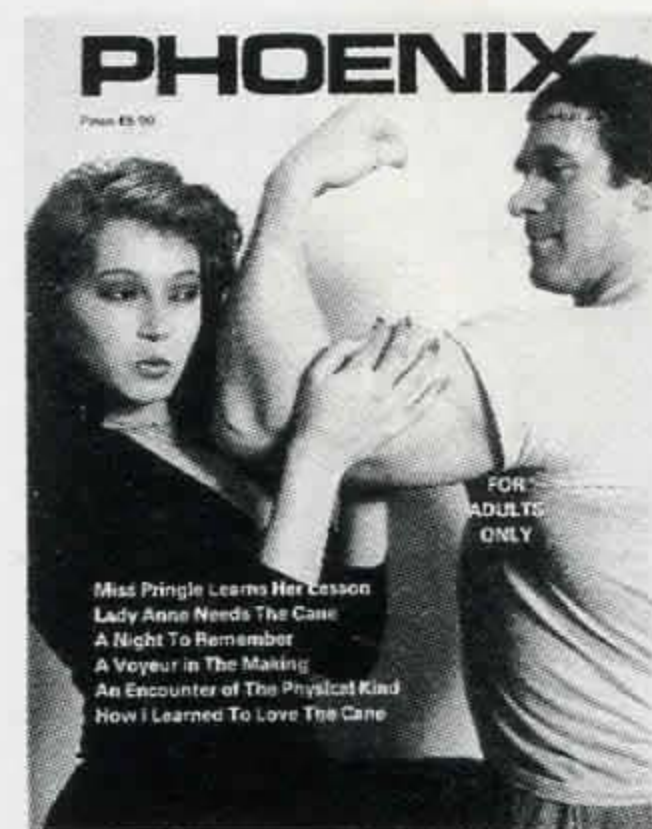
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31

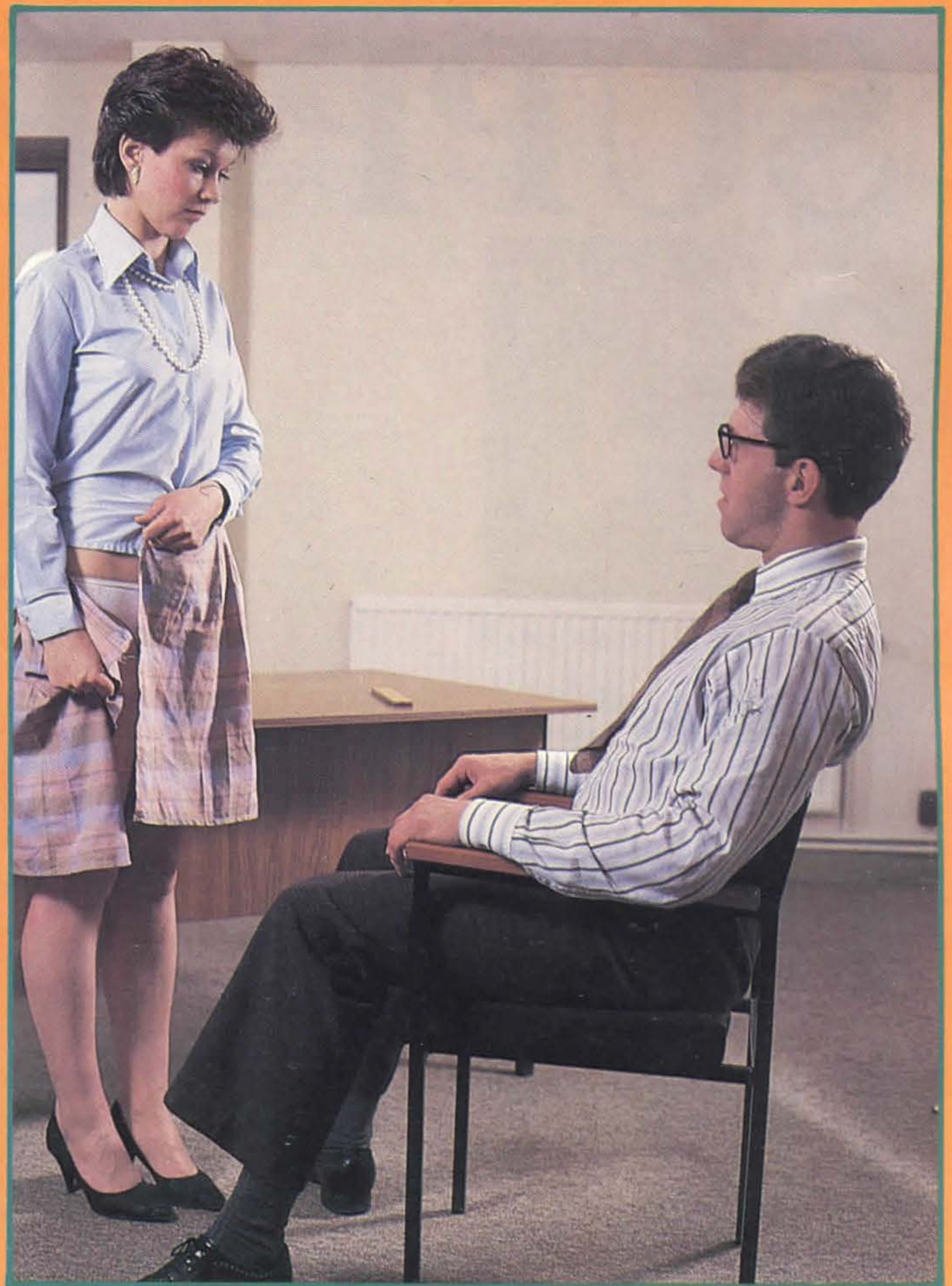
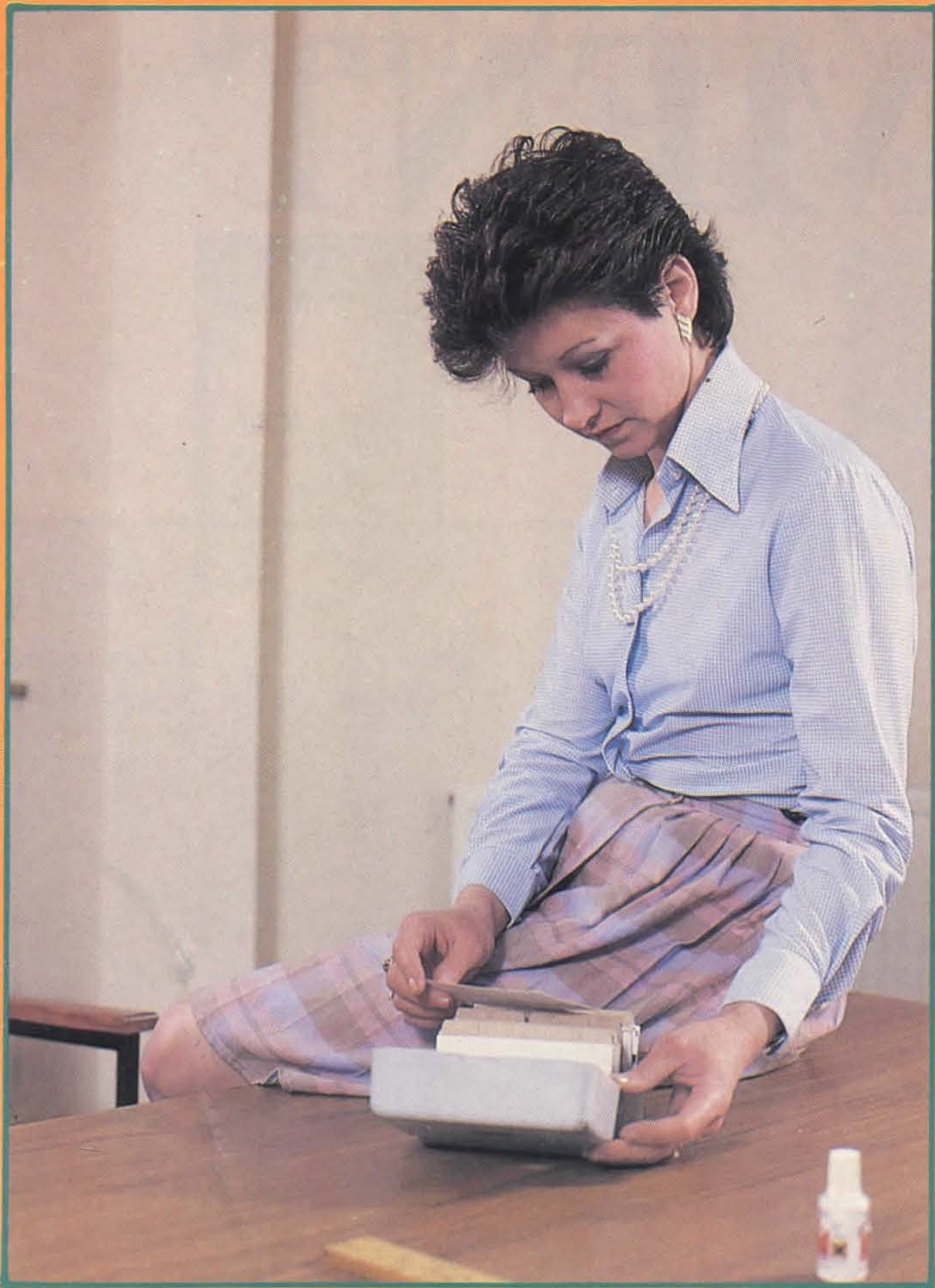
CONTENTS

Video Star
Wendy's Cleaning Windows
Institutional Affairs
Transatlantic Visitor
An Appointment with an Inspector
Domestic Training
Special Incentives
Pretty Pamela is Very Shy
Letters

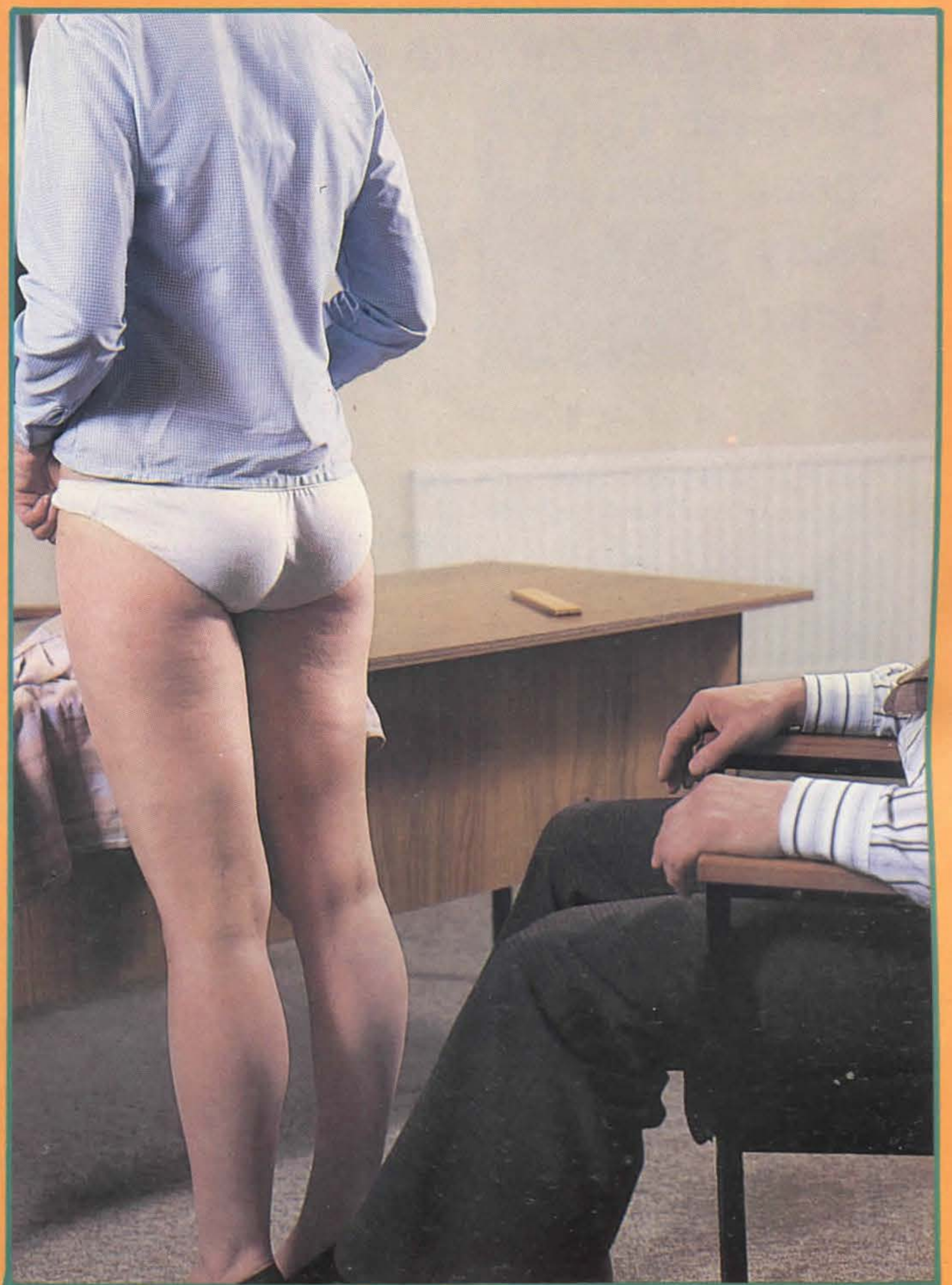


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VIDEO STAR



'Had a good day?' Derek asked. Christine gasped 'OK..' With her husband's 12 stone on top of her, thrusting phythmically, any words were likely to come out as a gasp and of course what Derek was doing would tend to produce gasps as well. Christine didn't like talking while doing it but Derek frequently did, he said talking and thinking about something other than doing it meant he could last longer. Anyway she hadn't had a good day. It had been a very traumatic day — or at least since lunch time, her head spinning round and round, not able to think of anything else. She should never have said yes, it was ridiculous...

'Go to the pub...? At lunch time...?' Derek's words phrased and delivered in cadence with his thrusts. Oh Christ. 'Stop...talking...' she said, or gasped. That anyway was the last thing she wanted to talk about...or think about...except she couldn't stop thinking about it.

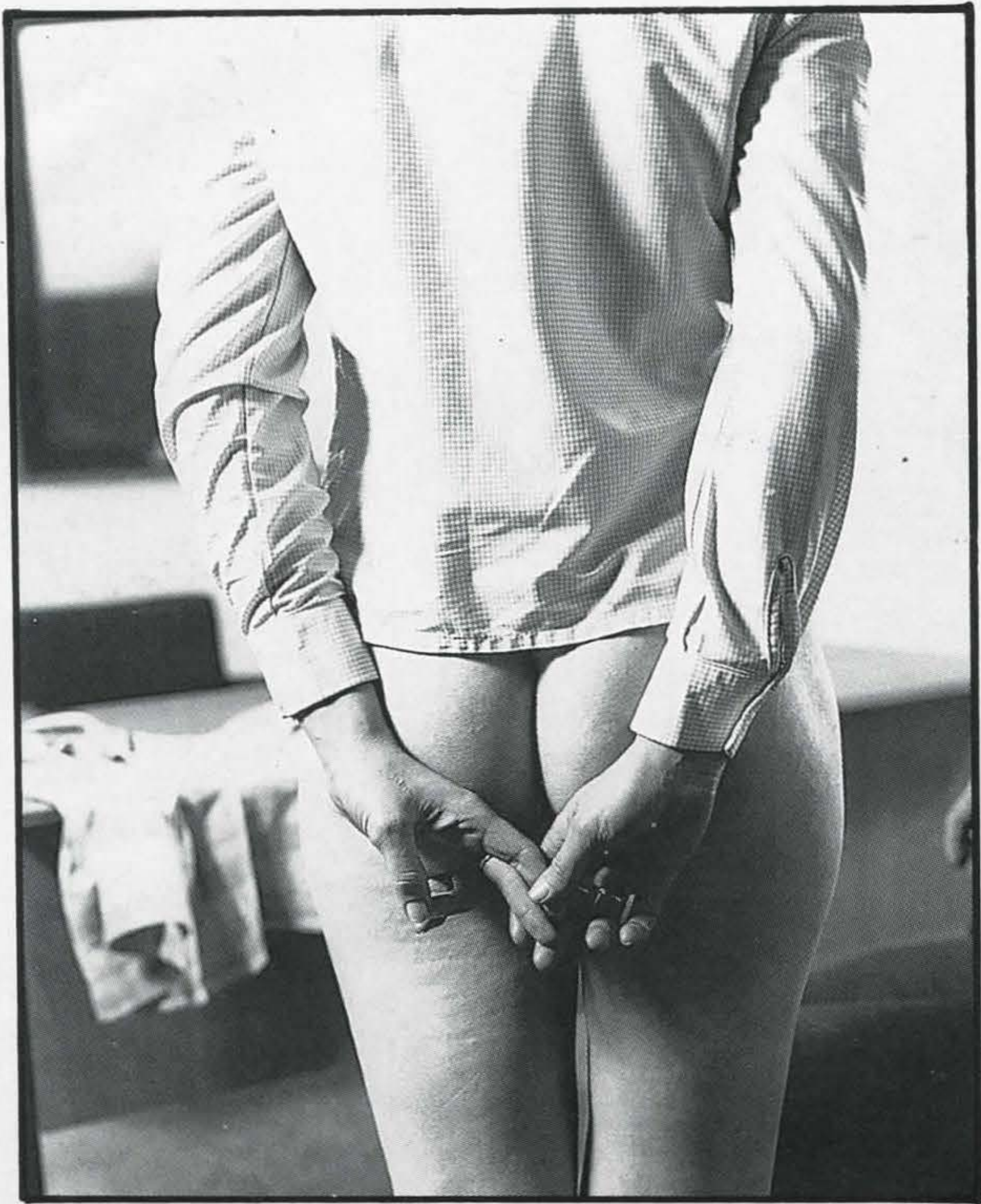
In her handbag downstairs. Hidden under the lining where Derek wouldn't see it — not that he was in the hbit of delving in her handbag. The halves of the two £50 notes. Cut precisely in two with the small pair of scissors Mr Ralgate had produced. The one pair of halves handed to her and the others going back in his wallet. 'You'll get the other halves afterwards.' Christine had said, 'No. Look I really can't...' After agreeing to it, or more or less, simply because she could really use £100. He had smiled and gone to get her another drink and when he came back just wouldn't listen.

'Don't be silly. You said yes. And it's nothing. A hundred quid for nothing. Money for old rope.'

Well you could say it was nothing really. Except that Derek wouldn't think it was nothing, there was no change of that. He would...she didn't like to contemplate what Derek would do. If she did it and he ever found out.

Christine tried to force it out of her mind. She could sense that Derek, not talking now, was getting close. She wanted to come, it would at least give some release from the tension. So think of a turn-on. Think...of being fucked by someone else. Mr Ralgate. David Ralgate. Cutting £50 notes in half. Think of him being on top of her. Instead of Derek. What would it be like? He was older than Derek, fortyish. Older men were supposed to last longer...without having to talk about something else. Not that she fancied Mr





Ralgate, but being done by someone she didn't fancy could be a turn-on — in fantasy at least. Grabbing her. And forcing her. Being forced by Mr Ralgate...or this other bloke. The one who wanted the video, who could afford to pay £100 for it. What about him? What if after he had watched his video he wanted...to fuck her?

And of course the video itself. Doing that. Doing that for £100. Letting him take her knickers off and get her over his lap. Her skirt up round her waist and her bottom quite bare. In front of the video camera. Being spanked. Yes that, agreeing to that...that was a turn-on all right. Although she couldn't really...

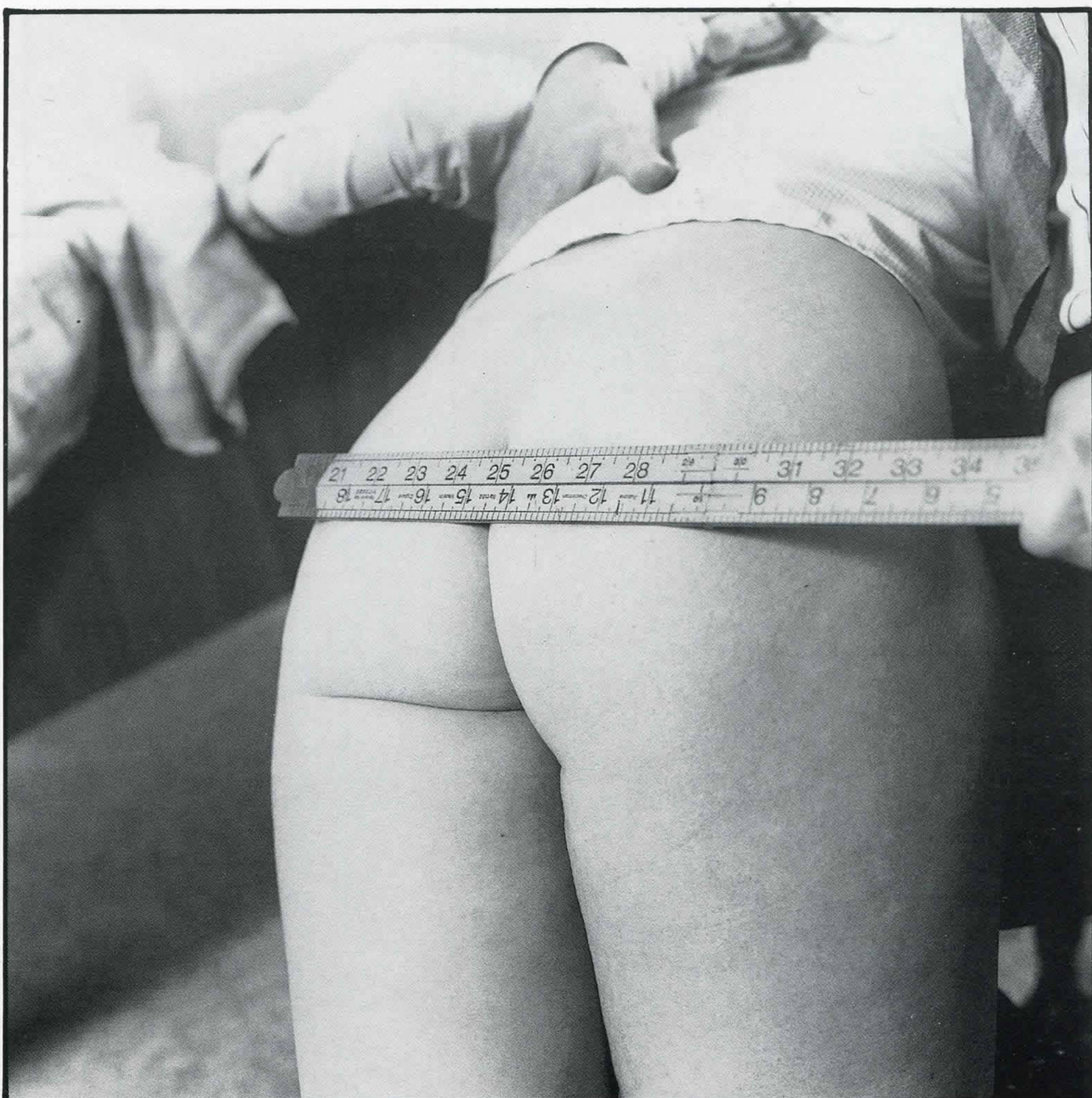
Christine came, a big orgasm, at the same time as Derek. And then came back down to earth with Derek getting off her, with the thought of it, the thought that she had actually agreed... 'I can't!' she said, unthinkingly out loud. 'What?' Derek asked. Christine turned over. 'Nothing.' I can't do it, she told herself, yet again. But then she pictured the two £50 notes again. Their two halves sellotaped together so that she had £100. She could really use an extra hundred, she was just about cleaned out at the moment.

* * *

He called her at the office the next morning. 'Hello, this is David Ralgate...' He wanted to see her at lunch time again, to talk about details. 'Look...I can't...' she said. But Christine finally agreed to the meeting, partly because Mr Farfield was looking at her with a look that said I know that's a private call. Mr Ralgate said a different pub, not the Crown where the girls in the office usually went, where yesterday Mr Ralgate, after the others had left, had come up with that impossible suggestion.

'I can't.' Christine said it again as soon as she was sitting down with the drink he bought her. 'I can't...my husband...he'd kil me. And I shouldn't be here,' she added. 'I should have gone with the others.'

But of course if she was really sure she wasn't going to do it Christine would not be here sitting in this secluded corner with him. Because she was open to persuasion, Christine knew she was. Those two £50 notes. If no one else was going to know, if Derek especially wasn't...Mr Ralgate repeated it all. No one would know. It was for a very private person who would not want





anyone else to know.

'Why me?' she asked. Christine had asked that yesterday of course. She got the same answer now. 'Because you're just his type. Really nice looking and a really good figure — I can see that. Not tarty looking. And married: he likes a nice looking young married woman.'

It was not unpleasant to be told that of course: that she was good looking etc. Christine said, 'I wouldn't wear my ring, I'd take it off.' But in saying that she was admitting the possibility of doing it. She bit her lip. 'But I can't anyway.'

Did that sound less convincing than before? He said, 'You certainly won't be the first one. He's got quite a few on video. A very private collection. All just like you: pretty young married girls, not professional models and certainly not tarts. It's just his little thing and like I say it's money for old rope.'

His hand came down and patted her thigh. The hand didn't stay there but it sent a tiny shiver through Christine. She recalled last night, in bed with Derek on top of her. She had imagined being done by this man sitting next to her. It had been a turn-on, though she didn't fancy him of course. She didn't really know him, Debbie in the office knew him and he had had a drink with them at lunch time on a couple of occasions. Then yesterday Debbie and Liz had gone off early shopping and that had left just Christine and David Ralgate. Who had made that unbelievable suggestion...and taken the two £50 notes out of his wallet.

'What about Debbie?' Christine asked lifting her glass in a hand that was not completely steady. 'Why not her?' Though she knew the likely answer: Debbie was a really nice girl but she was not as good-looking as herself. She probably wasn't what this man wanted.

Mr Ralgate shook his head. 'Not right for my man. He only wants the best lookers. He's got another girl that Debbie knows, though, in his little collection.' Christine asked who. Mr Ralgate smiled and shook his head again. 'I can't tell, can I? You wouldn't want me to tell. Anyway I don't think you know her.'

Christine said again, 'I can't...Really I can't. I mean a respectable married woman can't do...that kind of thing.' But she knew she didn't sound very convincing and David Ralgate wasn't

listening. He wanted to talk about a time. A time convenient for her. Could she get an afternoon off work?

'No!' Christine said sharply. He said, 'Take an afternoon off sick. Say you're not feeling well in the morning and your Mr Farfield'll probably say go home at lunch time. It'll be no problem.' Christine shook her head but at the same time she knew that was possible, Mr Farfield was quite good if you weren't feeling well although he could be a real so-and-so about private phone



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calls. Yes it was possible...

* * *

THURSDAY. This can't be happening, Christine told herself. I can't be here, in Mr Ralgate's car, he can't be driving me to this place, his friend's flat he said. Where there would be a video camera and bright lights and where she was going to have to take her knickers off. No, it wasn't possible. She gave a surreptitious sideways glance at Mr Ralgate. It had to be a dream, or something.

But part of her knew well enough that it wasn't a dream. She was here in Mr Ralgate's car and it was just after 2 p.m. on Thursday, three days after he had first suggested this awful business in the pub. She had forced herself to plead to Mr Farfield this morning of not feeling well — and possibly her face flushed with embarrassment at having to say this had helped. 'Yes, go home for the afternoon,' he said. Instead Christine drove to the multi-story car park, left her car there and got in Mr Ralgate's and here she was. Wearing what he had requested to the office this morning — it was nothing outlandish. A skirt, a blouse plus (she shivered) brief knickers and high heels; no tights or stockings.



'He won't be here? Your man?' Christine asked, wanting something to say although he had already said this. Mr Ralgate confirmed it. The man simply wanted the video. That was something, wasn't it? she said to herself. Better than having him watching, it had to be. So there would be only the two of them: Mr Ralgate plus a man with the camera. Plus of course Christine herself. It was Mr Ralgate who was going to do it. She was going to be over Mr Ralgate's lap with her knickers down; he was going to spank her bare bottom. Thinking of it made Christine feel sick — but partly with excitement because the thought was a turn-on...albeit a scary, dangerous turn-on. She thought for a moment of Derek...seeing the video. The thought, before she thrust it out of her mind, gave her the feeling she was going to faint.

She thought instead of what was planned. There was to be a little scene acted out. Mr Ralgate was her boss and she had done something — or not done something — with some file cards. Anyway made a mistake with them. Mr Ralgate, or whoever he was supposed to be, is furious. He tells her he is going to teach her a lesson. And that is



what he does. Not much of a plot but it is what this man, the one who can afford to pay her £100 for her trouble, wants. This man who must remain anonymous. As Christine was to be anonymous. Or is she? A sudden thought...

'Does he know who I am? Your man?'

Mr Ralgate's eyes left the road for a second. 'He's not interested. He just wants to see the action.' But that didn't really answer...but right now Christine's mind couldn't handle the possible implications of Mr X knowing her name. She would very shortly be in that room with the bright lights and the video camera. And...

* * *

They had it set up to look like an office — if you used your imagination. A desk and a couple of chairs. On the desk was a plastic box containing file cards, plus a bottle of Tippex. The other man, she hadn't seen him before, was doing things with his camera. It was happening. Mr Ralgate said, 'Take your coat off. You can perch on the desk. Be looking at the cards. Just act natural. Picture yourself at work, and I'm your boss. Mr Farfield.'

But Mr Farfield didn't do what Mr Ralgate was going to do. With that ruler presumably. For he had produced a heavy folding ruler from somewhere, wooden with brass joints. He had placed it on the desk. 'No!' Christine yelled. 'Not that. That'll bloody kill me. And anyway...I can't do this.' A feeling of panic now. He could keep the £100, she couldn't do this, even without the ruler.

But having got her here David Ralgate was not going to have any weakening now. 'Do it,' he told her. 'Sit on the desk.' His voice was harder now. 'You don't want me to take all your clothes off, do you? Make you do it in the nude?'

Christine glanced at him...and felt weak at the knees. The reality of her situation was suddenly crystal clear. She had come here of her own free will. She had no choice — with whatever they felt like doing. It was the sort of situation that, in fantasy, had always been a turn-on. Being at the mercy of another man, other men. Now, in reality, it wasn't a turn-on. It just scared her silly.

So she did it. sitting on the desk, looking at the file cards. It was happening.



The other man moving around with the camera, taking shots, different angles. Mr Ralgate was in the action now, sitting near the desk. Saying things but Christine wasn't sure what, her head was in a spin. Then he was shouting and she got that all right.

'Answer me, Mrs Green. What did you think you were doing?'

What was she supposed to say? Christine shook her head helplessly.

'You've ruined the system. I've a good mind to give you a proper lesson. Do you know that? Take your knickers down and give you a really good spanking.'

Christine yelled. 'No! Please...' It was no act; she meant it. She was standing now, by the side of the desk. Mr Ralgate had a furious look. 'Yes, I think so. Let's have a look at you. Take that skirt off. Come on.'

It was a pleated wrap-around skirt. He had seen it before and asked for it. Christine was doing it, because she had no choice. Did she want Mr Ralgate to strip all her clothes off...and possibly do other nameless things? She had come here and she had no choice. The

skirt came off. His eyes were on her; and the camera's eyes too. On Christine's flesh, on the brief, semi-transparent white knickers.

'Pull them up really tight. He'll like that. Really tight.'

She hesitated. The camera was there, in close. 'Do it!' Mr Ralgate's voice rasped. This time her hands responded. Fingers into the top of the skimpy knickers. Pulling up... 'Tighter! That's it.'

Time passed...as she stood yanking the knickers hard up into her crotch, skin-tight over her mound.

'OK. That'll do. Now take them down. Down to your knees.'

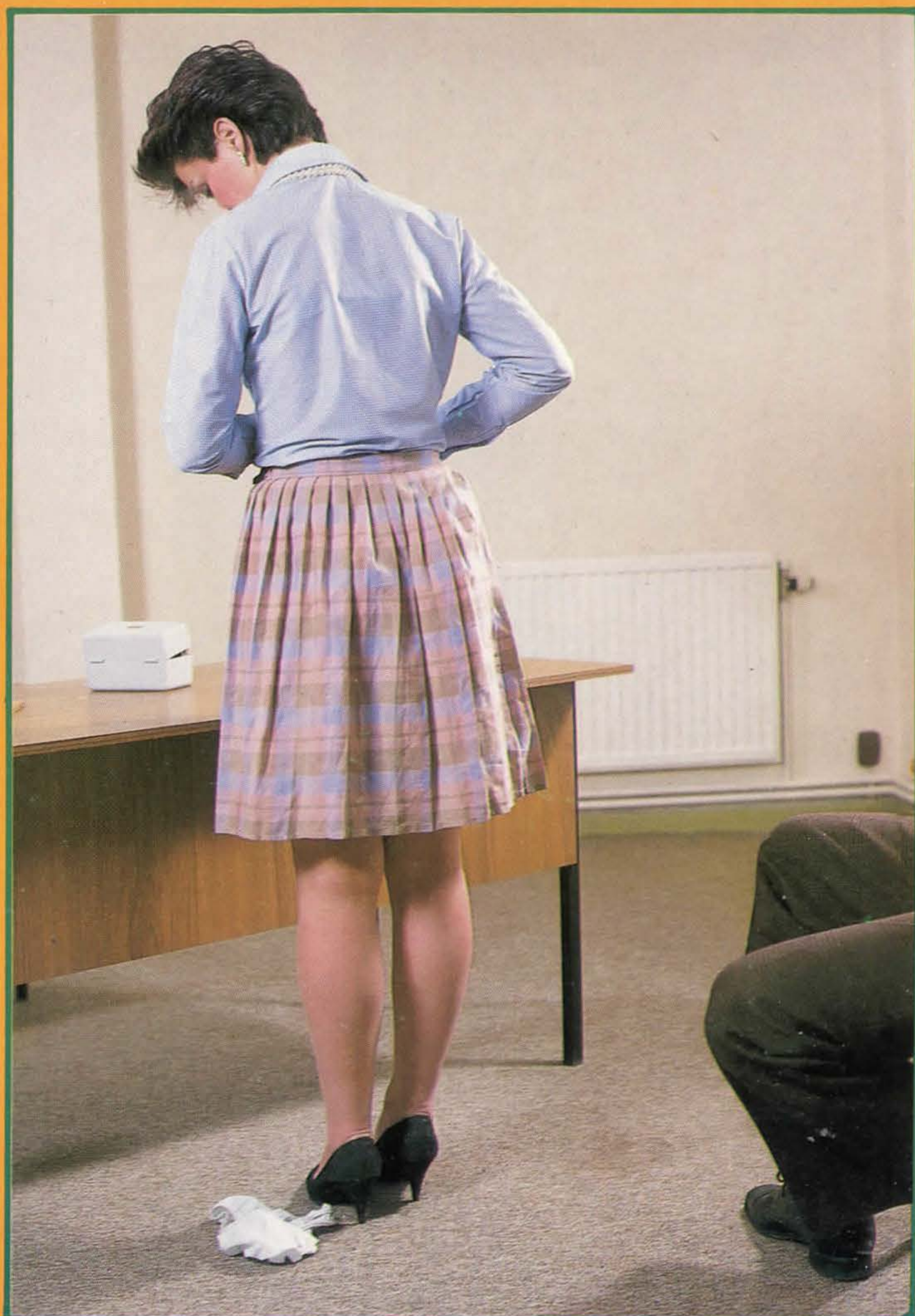
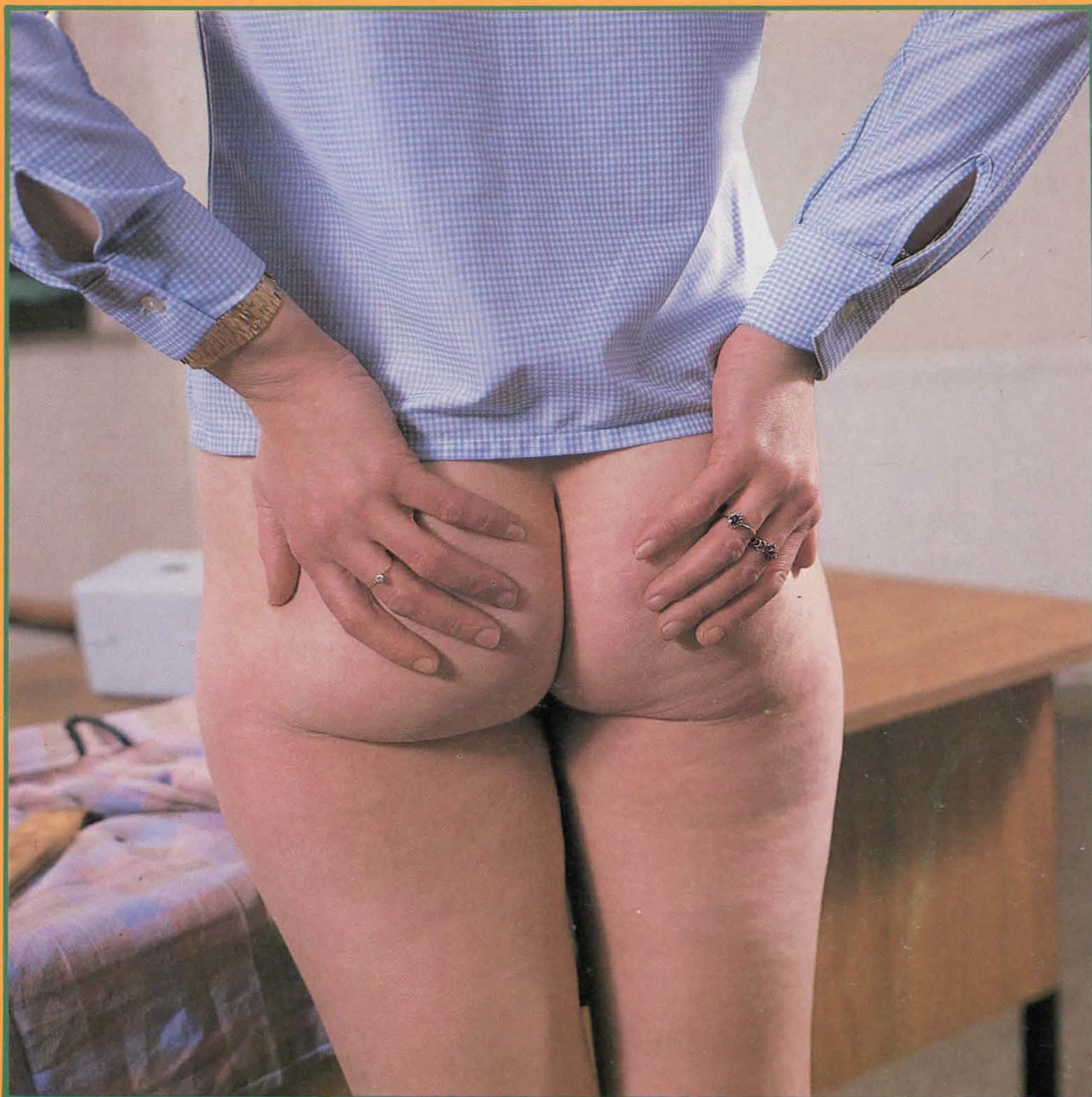
She was going to collapse, she knew she was. Or be sick. His insistent voice again. 'Do it!' Her hands were doing it. The knickers sliding down. To her knees. One hand coming across to cover her exposed pussy but of course Mr Ralgate, and the other man, wouldn't want that. Moving the hand away. To stand straight, both hands at her sides, while Mr Ralgate's eyes and the camera's eye had their fill. And then...

Christine was over Mr Ralgate's lap. His hands on her. On her bare bottom. Patting and playing with the ripe flesh. She could hear herself gasping something out. And then yelling...as his hand began cracking down.

* * *

That wasn't all of course. Christine got the other halves of the £50 notes at the end of the session. After Mr Ralgate had finished spanking her and then, taking Christine's knickers right off, this time with that dreadful ruler, with Christine finishing up sprawling on the carpet with legs in all directions. But no, that certainly wasn't all. As she should have known it wouldn't be. Not when he — or rather they — had her on video like that. They weren't going to be satisfied with that, were they? Why had she ever been so stupid as to imagine that they would?

Of course they weren't. And being married, with a husband who couldn't be allowed to know anything of this...well, Christine was going to have to agree to anything, wasn't she? Everything.



WENDY'S CLEANING WINDOWS

Sir James strode purposefully across the driveway. Parked in front of the house was his second car. As he drew closer to it, his suspicions were confirmed. He ran one finger along the bodywork rubbing the dust away. Miss Hudson had noticed his arrival and had hurried through the house to open the front door. 'Miss Hudson? This car has not been cleaned...' The good lady agreed with him. 'I'm sorry, Sir James. Wendy had very clear instructions to contact the garage...' She shook her head, wearily. 'I really can't get that girl to do anything, these days. Totally unreliable, I'm afraid.' The old lady was quite upset and ready to blame herself for the girl's behaviour. Sir James spoke quietly. 'Don't worry yourself, Miss Hudson. This does not reflect in the slightest upon your good self.' He tapped her on the shoulder, comforting her. 'But if you would be so good to tell young Wendy to come out here as quickly as her pretty legs will carry her, I think we can get to the bottom of this without further delay.'

Miss Hudson was well aware of the intended pun. She often had first-hand experience of the way Sir James 'got to the bottom' of problems amongst his young female staff. But this Wendy really was a nuisance. Whatever Sir James had in mind, the girl well and truly deserved it.

Young Wendy was in her room, relaxing. She scampered to her feet when Miss Hudson knocked suddenly on her door. 'Oh Christ! I forgot all about it!' The old lady nodded. 'Yes. That's the problem with you, my girl. You can never be bothered to remember!' She told Wendy to report to Sir James. 'And make it quick, young lady, or else you'll be very sorry!'

Wendy Smith had been a member of Sir James' staff or only a month or two, and in that time, the man of the house had spent several full weeks working abroad. But her reputation had reached him, the anxious comments of other members of the staff, worried that her slackness and misbehaviour would also reflect badly on them. Sir James was a sharp and shrewd man. He knew all about naughty young ladies. This one was no different to any of the others; except that she was really very pretty in a pert and cheeky sort of way. He'd soon get to the bottom of this one; he assured herself, as he had assured Miss Hudson.

Rather out of breath, Wendy reached the front of the house where Sir James was waiting for her. She froze in the large doorway as she saw him pacing up and down the drive in front of the still dirty car. 'Ah, Miss Smith. So you have taken the trouble to come and see me?' The sarcasm in his voice made the young girl shiver inside. She had heard talk about Sir James, and his penchant for dealing personally with errant young members of staff, the female staff, of

course. Only talk, of course, but rumours always have some essence of truth. It all made her feel quite frightened.

'Why is this car still dirty?' She looked guiltily at the car and then at Sir James. 'I really...I mean...I forgot...' She expected a tirade of angry words from her employer. Instead, he simply nodded his head and even smiled, just slightly. 'Alright, Miss Smith, I suggest you will have to wash the vehicle yourself, then.' Relieved, but still unnerved, she smiled back at him. Sir James continued. 'Yes. I already have a bucket of water for you.' He pointed to the patio. 'So you need waste no more time, need you?' She ran across to the bucket and carried it back to the car. 'But we can't have you spoiling that neat outfit of yours, can we?' She stopped, looked down at her dress and back at Sir James. 'Shall I...shall I go and change...?' He wouldn't hear of it. 'No. If I send you back to your room to change, you might forget why you went! No, just slip your outfit off, and I'll get Miss Hudson to look after it for you.'

Wendy tried to refuse. 'You mean...' He repeated his order. 'Yes, Miss Smith. Remove your dress...now!' A shiver of fear ran through the girl as she heard his quiet authoritative tones. The voice of confident authority. A voice she knew she dare not disobey. Feeling all fingers and thumbs she slipped out of her clothes knowing that Sir James was watching her every movement with cold observant eyes. Standing in just her little bra and knickers, she looked again at him, feeling the blush creep in prickles across her face. 'Good. I think you can now begin.' She looked at the bucket of water, and then at the car, and then, puzzled, back at Sir James. 'But...what do I use for a cloth...?' The old man had another bright idea. 'No problem, Miss Smith. We only need a few square inches of some soft material...' Wendy saw him looking at her; in particular, at her little skimpy bra. She raised her hands, feeling embarrassed, attempting to cover her ample breasts, to shield them from his gaze. 'Use your bra, Miss Smith. It's hardly large enough really, but it will do...'

Wendy refused. She was proud of her figure and of her thrusting young breasts, but there was no way she was wandering around topless for this man, Sir James or anyone else. Very quickly she changed her mind. The old lady re-appeared at the front door. 'Ah, Miss Hudson. Be so kind as to fetch my cane for me. I left it in the study after that little problem with Amanda.'

In a blur of embarrassment, Wendy unfastened her little bra, turning her back on her employer as the skimpy fabric fell free of her breasts. 'Now get to work, young lady. Plenty of soap and water, all over the car...'

Sir James collected a garden chair from the other side of the patio and carried it across to where Wendy was working. He sat down, having positioned his chair where he would obtain a ringside view. Young Wendy bent down to reach the bucket, and then strained to reach the extremes of the car's bodywork. As she bent and stretched, Sir James watched her pretty little bottom, contorting so attractively inside her tight knickers. And he watched her pretty bobbing breasts, shiny now, where the water had splashed her. She found the centre of the bonnet and the roof were the worst. It was very difficult to stretch that far, especially with Sir James right behind you. And the only way she could reach the centre of the car's roof was by pressing those firm bouncy breasts of hers right up, flat against the car's windows. Just as well Sir James wasn't inside the car, looking out...

Miss Hudson returned, shook her head in disapproval as she saw the girl hard at work, soapy water flying everywhere. 'You don't approve of my methods, Miss Hudson?' She handed him the thin cane. 'Oh yes, sir, I approve, alright. Just what the young madam needs. Its just her I don't approve of...' Sir James agreed with her indignation. 'Quite so, Miss Hudson. I do regret causing you so much concern by this girl's appointment to your staff. I promise you she will be a changed young woman by the time I've finished with her.' The good lady returned to her work, confident that her wise employer would soon be 'getting to the bottom' of young Wendy's problem.

Quite exhausted by the strain of working hard under her employer's gaze, Wendy was breathing heavily, her breasts rising and falling dramatically, when she finally concluded her task of dowsing the entire car in soapy water. Sir James told her to replenish her bucket. 'Plenty of cool clear water to rinse off the soap, young lady...' She scampered away, still out of breath, towards the ctap situated on the side of the patio. When she returned, she was staggering slightly under the weight of the water, splashing herself liberally as she walked towards Sir James. He was holding his cane out at right angles, with her wet tangled bra dangling from its business end. 'We can't use this for rinsing off, can we?' She suddenly guessed his solution to the problem. 'Yes, my dear. Get them off. They'll be ideal for this task, albeit that again they are rather brief...' She saw the cane, quivering in his hand, almost daring her to disobey. No. She couldn't face that. Some of the other girls had murmured darkly about Sir James and his stick. With a quiet whimper of shyness and reluctance she turned away from him again, and pulled down her knickers, stooping to disentangle them from her feet, her breasts swinging freely as she almost lost her balance in the effort. Her little knickers in hand, she proceeded to rinse the car, contorting again to complete the task, stooping to reach the

wheels, stretching high to reach the car roof, and bending well forward to rinse the bonnet. And all the while Sir James watched the naked young girl, her bobbing bouncing glistening young breasts, and that delightfully rounded bottom, so pert, bobbing around in front of his gaze so cheekily, just asking to be tanned.

He waited until she had finished. Wendy felt absolutely ridiculous standing there, dripping, almost as wet as the car, absolutely bare, except for her little wet knickers which she was holding, screwed up in her clenched hand. 'Good.' Sir James seemed pleased. 'But before you go, Miss Smith, we must make sure your job is perfect.' He strode slowly around the now-gleaming car. 'Miss Smith. The bonnet is still streaked with dirt!' He led her by her arm to the front of the car. 'Bend forward, young lady, so you can see for yourself...' He made her stand with her feet together, bending well forward until her bare breasts were squashed flat against the wet paintwork. He took aim. The thin cane whizzed down and bit crisply into her trim rump. Wendy yelled and jumped up in sheer frightened surprise. 'And again, Miss Smith...' He waited for only a second. 'Unless you want a double dose...' She bent down again, until her tummy touched the curve of the car bonnet. She waited this time for the hiss of the cane. It soon came, and she yelled loudly as thin lines of fire lit crimson across her bared bottom.

'Look at these wheel trims...' He tapped the discs with his cane. 'Still grimy...' She tried to apologise, not finding any suitable words of excuse. 'Touch your toes, young lady, so you can see exactly what I mean...' She allowed herself a faint sob of pity as she bent forward and reached for her ankles. The sun felt warm against her skin; especially her bottom skin. Where that dreadful cane had visited her bottom leaving painful tender lines. The stick arrived again, and again... Young Wendy's cries were heard at the back of the house. In the kitchens, Miss Hudson was still shaking her head. 'Naughty young Miss. Just what she deserves...'

The caning was concluded, Wendy's pert bottom now a mass of criss-crossed red lines. 'It has taken forty minutes of my time to supervise you, young lady. Forty minutes of my valuable time.'

He sat down, patting his lap. 'I think we ought to demonstrate to you how great that number is!!' And so, her bottom still on fire from the exemplary caning, Miss Wendy Smith was draped face-down across Sir James' knee. And as the afternoon sun watched from above, the old man applied his hand to the young lady's crimson rump. Twenty smacks upon each tramlined buttock. Forty firm smacks, which elicited yells and shouts, squeals and fervent promises of perfect behaviour in future. 'And after this, young lady,' he said in a pause between smacks. 'You'll wash the car again...'

INSTITUTIONAL AFFAIR



'Oh God! Look out...' Sharon says.
Diane looks...and sees at once the reason for Sharon's alarm. Mr Rodley. Who has appeared on the path from the shubbery and is walking now towards them. Diane's immediate impulse, like that of Sharon no doubt, is to turn and run — or at least walk very smartly off, running being strictly forbidden here at the Institution unless you are actually doing running exercises and are suitably dressed. But turning tail and walking smartly off because you have seen Mr Rodley is clearly not on. Mr Rodley has seen them and no doubt

recognises them too. Making off would only make things worse. And so...

'Well, well. What is this then?'

They have had no option but to continue walking towards Mr Rodley. 'Just taking a stroll, Sir,' Diane says. They are not actually breaking any rule in being out here in the grounds; it is after all the lunch break. Sharon adds, 'It's lunch time, Sir.'

Mr Rodley gives her a look. 'I know what time it is, Sharon. Do I look stupid to you?' The shocking thought crosses Sharon's mind of answering. 'Yes Sir.' Only fleetingly though. They are no doubt in sufficient trouble without thinking shocking thoughts. 'No Sir,' comes out contritely as her face pinkens.

'Did it not cross your minds that you might be putting your time to better use? In useful study. Rather than wandering about? At 18 you are supposed to have some sense of responsibility, both of you.'

Mr Rodley is eyeing them as they stand unhappily in front of him. Diane shifts her weight uneasily from one foot to the other. Yes they are 18 and both good-looking, well developed specimens, in the rather drab blue blouses and grey skirts that the Institution prescribes. 'What have you got to say, Diane?' he enquires. She is a slightly fuller build than Sharon, fuller tits pushing out the front of the blue blouse, with medium brown hair. Sharon's is ash-blond, like a halo round her face. Yes, they are both very attractive — and attractive girls of 18 need a reminder now and then, even more than less attractive ones, otherwise they can get undisciplined ideas.

'Nothing, Mr Rodley,' Diane says. 'I mean we could have done some extra study. Should have.' Mr Rodley is trying to get an answer out of her that will give him an excuse.

'Why didn't you then?' Mr Rodley gives her a hard stare. At her pretty face, now pink-cheeked. Also at the bulge of her tits under the blouse. 'Eh?' His hand comes out and gives her bare forearm a pinch. 'Why not, Miss?'

There is no answer. Diane does some rapid blinking. There is the thought of what Mr Rodley is working up to. A visit to his room, or maybe their room. Either way...

'Let me see your knickers, Diane. A girl was sent to me yesterday and was wearing the most extraordinary item. Scandalous. Come on, get your skirt up.'

Diane hauls up the pleated grey skirt. Softly rounded bare thighs...and beyond them are the regulation, approved knickers: plain black cotton and properly covering the bottom — unlike those mauve nylon ones yesterday that left half the bottom bare. (The wearer had unfortunately been sent directly to Mr Rodley. She had frantically pleaded to be allowed to go to her room first, where she could change them, but had not been allowed to). But these knickers of pink-faced Diane cannot be complained about. Mr Rodley tells her to turn. His hand takes hold of one black-knickered cheek. Jiggling it. He tells her to turn again, to face him. His hand this time takes hold of the tightly-bulging black vee at the top of Diane's thighs. She quivers. Mr Rodley is holding her pussy.

'Not too tight here, Miss.'

Diane produces a gaspy 'No Sir.' Mr Rodley says 'Hmmm...' One finger has slid in between her legs, along the line of Diane's slit. The finger strokes her cunt lips. 'You're sure?'

Mr Rodley lets go and Diane can drop her skirt. Then he does the same to Sharon. Makes her lift her skirt so he can check her knickers. Once again they are the correct, approved wear so there is nothing to complain about, but Mr Rodley takes the opportunity to fondle Sharon's bottom and then feel her pussy. Then:

'Alright you two. I'd better see you later. A little reminder that you mustn't waste your time. I'll see you in your room

at 5 o'clock. Make sure you're ready.'

Being 'ready' for Mr Rodley means having your blouse and skirt off. Unhappily, Sharon and Diane have done this and by 5 are sitting waiting on their beds. In their white vests and black knickers, with the white knee-socks and their shoes. This is how Mr Rodley wants you for a spanking, experience has shown. If it were Mr Colfold it would be just vests, everything off excepts vests. (You don't wear a bra at the Institution of course, it is not allowed.) Mr Rodley, though, likes shoes and socks kept on and he likes to take knickers down himself.

'That bastard,' Sharon mutters looking at the door. A spanking from Mr Rodley is not at all nice. He will really make your poor bum hum — plus of course he'll be doing more of what he did outside: that groping, and now it will be with your knickers down. 'I mean there's no rule about not going out at lunch time.'

Diane gives her a wan smile. 'Do you want to make a complaint then? Say you're being unfairly treated?'

It is a rhetorical question. Making a complaint about a member of staff would be just about the worst thing you could do. Diane gets up and steps across to sit on Sharon's bed, next to her. One arm goes round Sharon's shoulders and her other hand comes up and cups one of Sharon's boobs...

'Don't!' Sharon pushes the hand away. 'He'll be here any second now. We don't want to make it worse.' Nervously she gets to her feet. At that moment the door opens. They both experience a sudden surge of adrenalin as Mr Rodley enters. Diane quickly gets to her feet as well.

Mr Rodley eyes them. 'Ready then? Ready and waiting. And what have you two been doing? Anything you shouldn't?' His hand darts out and briefly grabs at Diane's crotch.

'No Sir. Nothing,' she blurts, forcing herself to stand still and straight.

'Well you could have done something, couldn't you? You could have got your books out. Don't you ever think of that?'

Diane bites her lip. 'Come on then,' he says. 'You first, Diane.' He sits down on her bed and pulls Diane down across his lap. Sharon stands trembly-kneed, forced to watch as Diane's knickers are grabbed down, right down to her knees. Mr Rodley takes Diane's hand and twists it up behind her back. His other hand grabs a handful of soft bare bum. He gropes for some moments and then he is smacking at Diane's thighs.

'Get your legs apart, Miss. Come on. Let's have you nice and spread out.' Diane obediently opens her legs. Sharon gets a full view of the other girl's furry nest with its central split: a plump furry peach. It disappears from sight as Mr Rodley's hand goes in there, between Diane's legs. Diane lets out a gaspy grunt. And then the hand is spanking. Hard, crisp, reverberating spans to the soft cheeks of Diane's bum, to the backs and inner sides of her thighs. Her bottom and legs jerk and twist but she is held firm by that hand twisted behind her back. Sharon feels a bit sick. Having to watch it is worse in a way than getting it. Especially when you know you will be getting it next.

When Mr Rodley finally leaves it is almost as if a thunderstorm, having wreaked its devastation, has gone and everything is unnaturally calm. Sharon is bright red in the face, her breath gaspy. Her bottom and thighs of course are bright red too. Diane at least has had a little while to recover.

She grabs Sharon's arm. 'Come on.' Her voice urgent. Sharon gasps, 'No! He might come back...or someone...' But she is not really resisting as Diane pushes her up against the wall. On the bed is better but standing up against the wall behind the door you have a chance to react if anyone does come in. Embracing Sharon, Diane's hand goes in between the blonde girl's legs. Having a visit from Mr Rodley is really dreadful. But it can also get you all hot and steamy.

TRANSATLANTIC VISITOR

'I wonder what this one will be like,' James Mallard mused. 'On the whole I rather favour American girls. Apart from the accent of course. But they do generally have that great need to do the right thing. It does tend to make them somewhat...ah...vulnerable.'

Sylvia Brackley produced her tinkling laugh. 'Vulnerable to your assaults, James. You really are disgraceful with some of these poor young innocents.' James replied that not all of them were innocent by a long shot and anyway it was good for them. And anyway Sylvia was hardly in a position to cast aspersions at others; Sylvia Brackley could be quite as disgraceful in the case of a choice and inexperienced 18 year old who might take her fancy.

Sylvia shook her head in laughing denial — while knowing that it was true. And in fact this particular one, due tomorrow; from the photo she had sent with her letter...a striking face: full lips and high cheekbones, ash-blonde hair, with a softly appealing look in the big eyes. Yes...

'I'll collect her, if you like,' Sylvia said to James. He agreed. 'Of course, Sylvia. So you think she's nice...?'

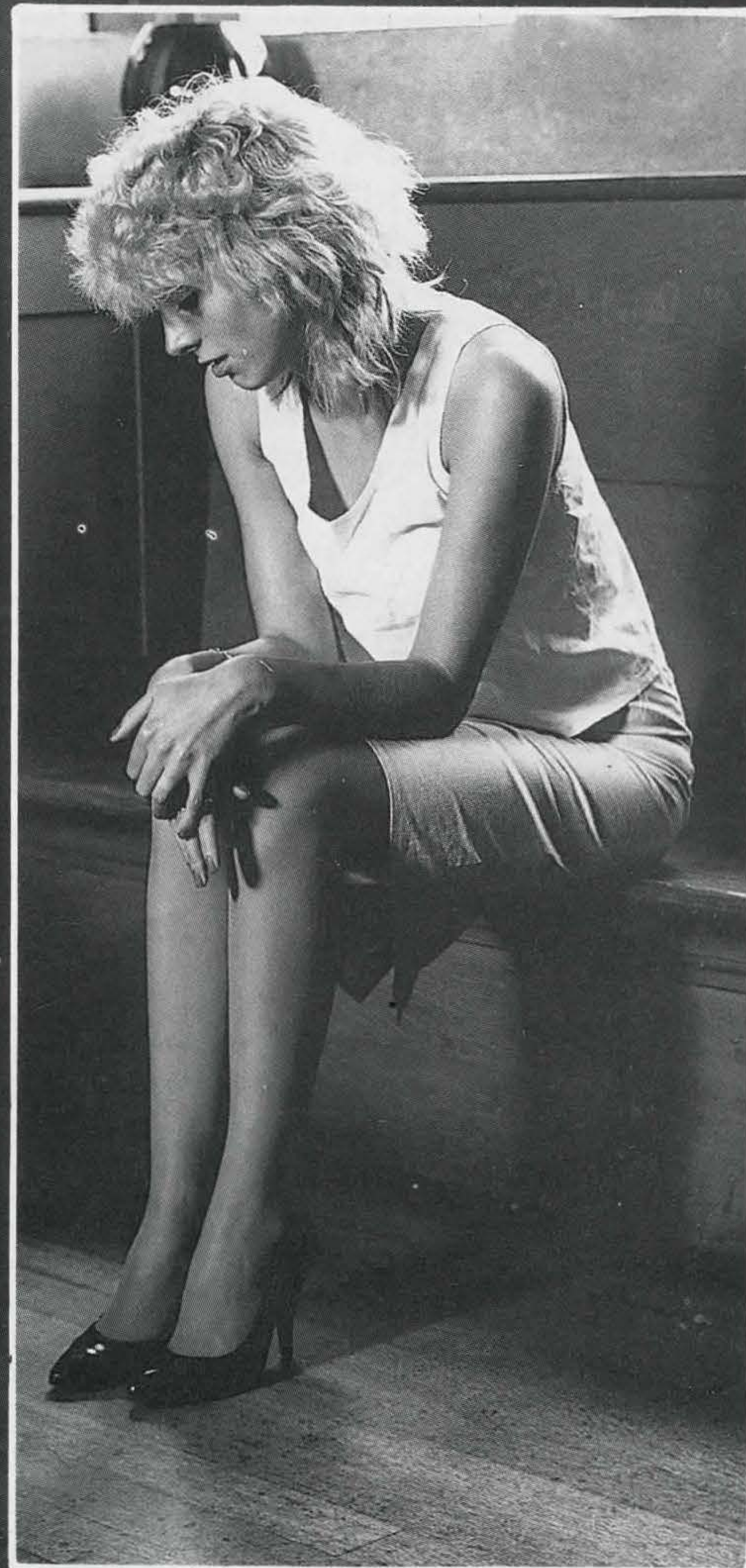
Rosemary Kierley. Eighteen and a half, with big blue eyes and ash-blonde hair and those lovely high cheekbones, while under her light coat with a slim and shapely figure. Looking out of the plane window at a grey morning. So this was England; well at least it wasn't raining, though it looked like it could at any moment. Trooping with all the others into the arrivals hall. There should be someone here to meet her? Mr Mallard perhaps? Of Hartlow Manor. 'A first class introduction to the English way of life. Private tuition in a classic English country house to furnish that finishing touch to an education. Etc. etc...' Rosemary's mother, hooked on English things, had seen the ad in a magazine

and...well here Rosemary was. Looking rather desperately round. All these people milling about, some with signs, names, greeting arrivals, but...oh...

Her name held up. By a woman. Or a lady should it be perhaps? A handsome woman, in her thirties at a guess. Smiling now as Rosemary approached. 'You're Rosemary Kierley! I recognise you...' A beautifully modulated English accent. 'Hello. I'm Sylvia Brackley. James Mallard's partner at Hartlow Manor.'

Sylvia Brackley was very charming and friendly. A shapely, full-bodied lady in an elegant suit, with lustrous dark eyes that when they were turned on Rosemary seemed to look right into her. Chatting brightly as she manoeuvred the Jaguar through the traffic and out onto the motorway — where it settled into a high-powered purr. And now as she chatted Mrs Brackley's — Mrs presumably thought Rosemary for there was a wedding ring — elegant hand dropped down and rested on Rosemary's knee. Or perhaps more accurately her thigh. Patting, and then squeezing slightly as she made some point. The hand seemed very content with this position. It went back up to the wheel but then came down again. As if it had found a most agreeable resting place.

Mr Mallard was older, in his fifties. There in a tweed jacket to greet them when the Jaguar rolled to a stop at the end of the gravel drive in front of this mellow stone building. Hartlow Manor. Mr Mallard had another of those English accents that sound so marvellous to the American ear and which a girl from the other side of the water may well imagine acquiring just a touch of by the time she returns home. Mr Mallard was charming, like Mrs Brackley. Charming and very friendly — so that it came as a sharp shock when at dinner — just the three of them — he said it.





'Have you ever been caned, Rosemary?'

Smiling at her as he spoke. Sylvia Brackley was carrying on with her soup as if nothing extraordinary had been said. Rosemary feeling the colour slowly flowing to her cheeks. Then, accepting that he had actually said it and a reply was expected, shaking his head.

'I rather had the idea that in some American educational establishments girls were caned.' Did James Mallard actually believe that or was it a convenient thing to pretend to believe? Rosemary shook her head again, more vigorously. 'No, Mr Mallard. I'm sure that's not true.'

'Ah.' A charming smile. 'Well here in England — indeed in Europe in general — perhaps we have always been more conscious of the value of discipline. In a young person's training.' Another of those smiles. 'That is really a very pretty dress, Rosemary.'



'Isn't it lovely.' Sylvia Brackley at last joining in. Rosemary said 'Thank you.' What had that been about? Did it mean anything?

At a quarter past ten, not long after Rosemary had gone up to her room for an early night, there was a light knock on the door and Sylvia slid quietly in. She was wearing a white dressing gown. She must have left the drawing room where she had been sitting with Mr Mallard directly after she herself had come up, Rosemary thought. She came over to where Rosemary, in her pyjamas, was sitting at her dressing table brushing her hair. For some reason that hand on her knee in the car came back into Rosemary's head. Sylvia Brackley came close up behind her. To put her hands lightly on the seated girl's shoulders. Smiling at her in the mirror. That perfectly modulated voice:

'How are you going to like Mr Mallard's cane, Rosemary?'

The hands were somehow sending shivers through her and it took some seconds for the shock of the words to sink in. Rosemary looked blankly back into Mrs Brackley's lustrous dark eyes, seeing also that full, ripe mouth. Which now said, 'It will hurt of course. But that is the object, isn't it. It's supposed to hurt.'

The hands squeezed slightly on the slim shoulders. Sylvia Brackley's words were registered now, the big blue eyes were no longer blank. The ripe red mouth said softly, 'Are you one of those girls who enjoy pain, Rosemary? Some girls do...'

'No!' the word gasped out. 'He can't...he won't...'

'Oh but he will. Mr Mallard is most convinced of the efficacy of the cane. He considers it most beneficial, essential in fact. And here, at Hartlow Manor...well, he can do as he likes, can't he?'

'No!' Rosemary yelped again, dumbfounded.

There was a throaty little laugh from Sylvia, still with her hands pressed down on Rosemary's shoulders. 'You don't think you will enjoy it then?' Rosemary's mouth was open to confirm this fact when...Sylvia Brackley's hands



slid down, down the front of Rosemary's pyjama top. The hands stopped when they were over the American girl's boobs. Not overly large ones but firm and high, under the single thin layer of tight cotton. The hands closed on Rosemary's boobs, squeezing gently.

She immediately yelped out, her own hands coming automatically up to grab at Mrs Brackley's. But she kept hold. 'Just relax, Rosemary. Don't be a silly girl. We need to discuss this...'

The hands were gently squeezing and mounding. Rosemary was clearly not relaxing. 'No!' she yelped again. Grabbing at the hands she struggled to her feet and broke away. 'No...ooo...'

Sylvia Brackley did not look greatly put off. Perhaps nice American girls were frequently silly and unco-operative at the outset. Somehow it seemed the belt of Sylvia's dressing gown had come undone. As Rosemary stood, shaking, facing her the gown slid open. Sylvia Brackley had nothing on underneath. There was only her ripe body. Large pale breasts with correspondingly large nipples, dark red and erect. Down below a thick matt of black hair at her groin. Sylvia Brackley made no attempt to cover herself. She stepped forward, gown swinging even further open.

'Don't be a silly, Rosemary. We need to be friends. If you don't want too much caning.'

Rosemary was not taken hold of gain. Pulled close. Into all that hot bare flesh. And the hot, ripe mouth was on hers. Kissing. An ardent tongue pushing in between her lips.

* * *

'Thank you, but I...I'm not hungry,' Rosemary stuttered.

'A girl needs breakfast,' Mr Mallard said with a shake of his head. We've a busy day in front of us.

He was going to cane her. If Mrs Brackley was to be believed — and presumably she was, why would she say so otherwise? Even if Mr Mallard hadn't been planning to, Sylvia would probably have told him to now. After last night. After...Oh God..rejecting those advances of Sylvia Brackley.





'Don't be a silly girl, Rosemary. There's no need to be shy...' While all the time the eager, voluptuous flesh was enveloping her. Trying to engulf her. The elegant hands trying to pull off Rosemary's pyjamas, to get at Rosemary's nude flesh, to entwine it with Sylvia Brackley's own, already nude, more voluptuous, more fleshy flesh. Rosemary gasping in shock, in fright. Desperately fighting the older woman off...

Sylvia Brackley had not been at all pleased that her overtures had been rejected. Perhaps — if she normally did this — girl guests of Hartlow Manor usually finally succumbed. Finally agreeing to whatever Sylvia Brackley wanted to do. Rosemary shuddered at the thought of what that might be. But she hadn't. And so a red-faced, presumably frustrated Mrs Brackley had not been pleased.

'Very well, Rosemary dear. I have offered to help you get an easier time with Mr Mallard but clearly you are not concerned about that. So we shall see how you get on, shan't we?' Sylvia had at last pulled her dressing gown together over

all that ripely eager flesh. And then quite deliberately and without warning slapped Rosemary hard across the face. She went out...as the American girl, her face burning, began sobbing.

Where was Sylvia Brackley now, at breakfast time? But it wasn't Mrs Brackley that mattered, not right now, it was Mr Mallard. He was going to cane her, Rosemary knew he was. Sylvia Brackley was keeping out of the way until she had been caned. Waiting nearby perhaps; waiting to hear, to enjoy, the screams...

'Are you ready then, Rosemary?' Mr Mallard getting to his feet.

A feeling of panic. Wanting to scream out: *Please I don't want the cane!* But she should have thought of that yesterday night. Maybe it would have been the better choice, doing whatever Sylvia Brackley wanted. If it meant...

'Come along, Rosemary. We haven't got all day.'

Following him out of the breakfast room. Along the hall. Rosemary

knew where they were going: Mr Mallard's study. He had told her yesterday when giving her his tour of the house. 'We'll do a lot of the tutoring in my study.' But that was before any thought, any mention, of the cane. Here they were. The door closed behind the. Glancing at Mr Mallard and then quickly looking away. Her eyes darting round the room. Where was it? The cane. he couldn't really. Maybe it had been a bad dream. Because people couldn't, even over here in England...

'Now, Rosemary: first of all...the way I always start...' She felt suddenly sick, with a buzzing in her head. For the moment she was in such a panic that she didn't know what he was saying. But... 'All right, Rosemary?'

What? 'Wha...what...?'

'I said take your skirt off please. We don't want it to get creased or rumpled, do we? Then I want you to kneel on this chair.'

The buzzing had cleared just a bit. Enough to know what Mr Mallard was saying. Mr Mallard who was





now coming back to her...with a cane in his hand.

'No!' A desperate squeal. It hadn't been just a bad dream.

'Don't be silly, Rosemary. We must abide by the rules. And my rule is that every girl gets a caning first thing. To get the discipline right. So get that skirt off. Right away.'

Rosemary frantically tried to refuse. Mr Mallard — charming and friendly Mr Mallard — said if Rosemary didn't do it right away he would do it himself. Get Mrs Brackley in to hold her if necessary. With that dreadful double threat there was no real option. Rosemary did it. Protesting still but doing it. Unzipping the skirt of her grey two-piece. Then slipping it down. Trembly-legged, stepping out of it. Mr Mallard's eyes keenly taking in the slim bare thighs and what was above. The tight, brief, white knickers. Rosemary was a slim girl but she nonetheless had well-rounded hips and bottom and with the slim rest of her the latter especially was made to seem bigger than it actually was: a ripely rounded target. A target that Sylvia Brackley had greedily got her hands on last night, trying to tug the skin-tight pyjama bottoms off it, and a target now for James Mallard. For his eyes...and for what was in his hand.

'Good girl. Now get up on the chair.'

Somehow Rosemary was up on the easy chair. Kneeling on the seat, holding onto the back. Mr Mallard's hands were at her bottom. 'No...oooo...' she breathed — but of course he wasn't going to stop now. His hands fiddling about and then...sliding her knickers down.

'Nooo.oooo...!' she whispered again. Could her mother possibly know that this sort of thing could happen? Rosemary's mother who thought everything about England was so marvellous: could she possibly imagine this? This that was happening now...and also last night: Mrs Brackley? No, and she wouldn't be able to believe it if Rosemary told her. Not that she possibly could...

'Hold still...stick your bottom out a little more. That's it...' Mr Mallard's charming and precise voice. 'It will hurt of course...but



it's supposed to. Isn't it...'

CRACK!!...

Oh Jiminy Creeps!! A quite impossible stinging pain in her bottom — like a thousand hornets all going in at once. Rosemary let out a banshee-like yell that Sylvia Brackley would certainly have heard if she were anywhere in the building. The ripe, round bottom did some desperate contortions.

'Keep in position, Rosemary. That was not really hard.'

'Nooo.oooo...' she wailed.

CRACK!!!

'Aaarrrouggh...No!'

'Keep still, Rosemary. You're getting six. But if you can't keep still it'll be a dozen. You don't want me to miss the proper target and hit something really sensitive, do you?'

What Mr Mallard was no doubt referring to was, in Rosemary's thrust-out-bottomed position, peeping out from between the tops of her thighs. A split peach iin a fuzz of blonde hair. If Mr Mallard's cane inadvertently struck that...well, it would certainly be painful. The American girl, producing shocked little moaning whimpers, was now doing her best to keep everything still...

CRACK!!!

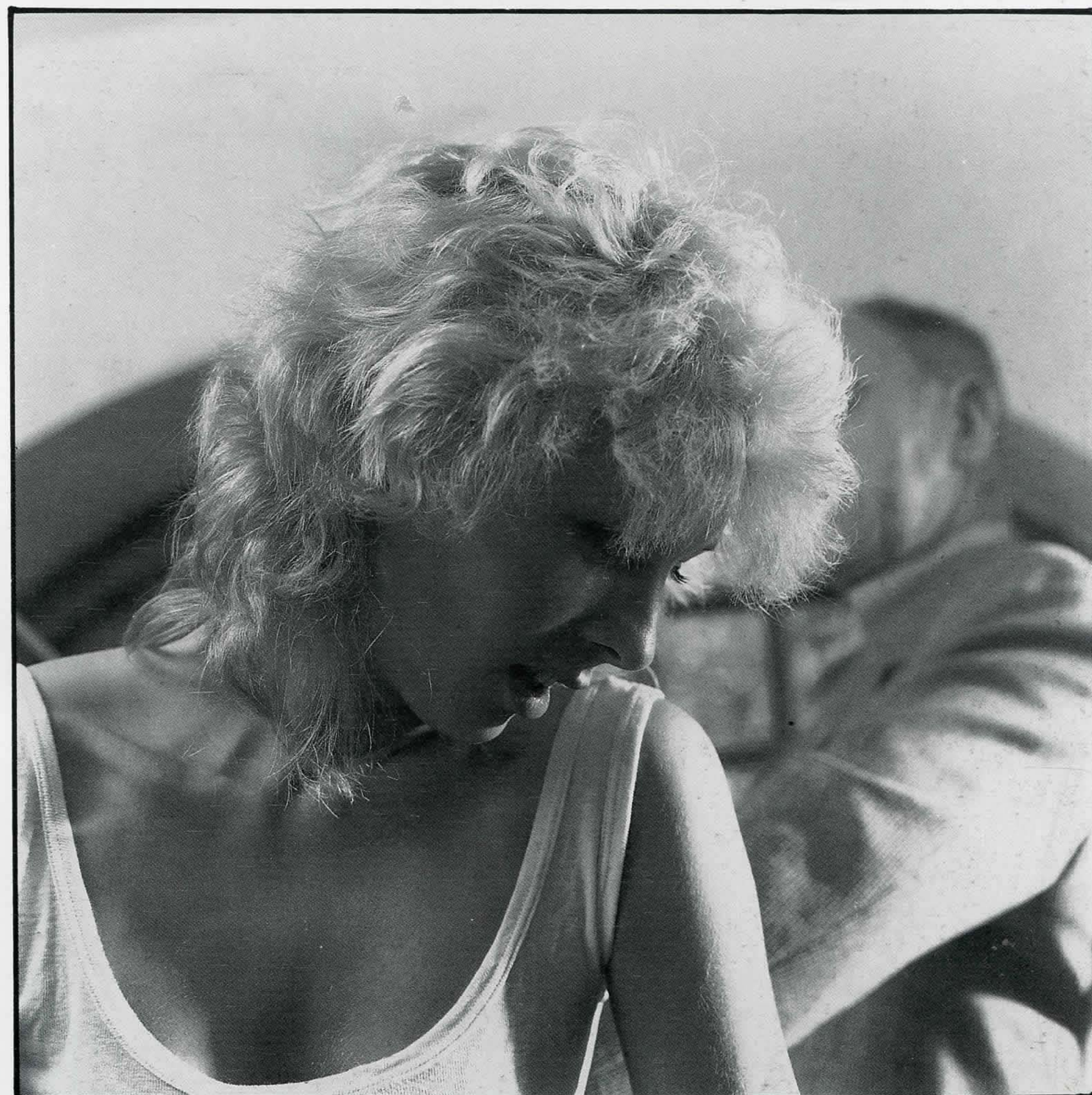
Oh Jesus Jiminy. No...no more...

* * *

'Shall I take her? Poor sweet girl.'

Mr Mallard had just stopped. Rosemary, shaking with shock, with that throbbing red-hot pain, was clambering uncertainly down off the chair. Right on cue, from somewhere, here was Sylvia Brackley. Her voice concerned, but her lustrous eyes greedy. 'I think she needs a little tender loving care right now. Don't you, you poor sweet thing?'

Rosemary had desperately struggled up her knickers and was grabbing for her skirt. 'Yes, she can have a little break,' James Mallard agreed. If Rosemary could think straight she would be thinking she didn't want a break, not with





Sylvia Brackley, but she wasn't capable of thinking of anything except her poor bottom. *Six strokes of the dreadful cane.* She wouldn't be able to sit down for a week. Or a month.

Rosemary had her skirt on now...and Mrs Brackley was taking her arm. 'Come along, dear...' In the hall Sylvia said, 'We'll go up to your room, Rosemary.' She wanted to scream out: No!...No!...But...

In her room again. Where last night there had been that awful business. With Sylvia Brackley; who was here again now. Closing the door after them. Those deep, dark eyes and the ripe, devouring mouth. And under her dress...all that eager flesh. 'Poor Rosemary,' she mouthed softly. 'Did he hurt you?'

'Please...' Rosemary said. 'Please don't...' Because Mrs Brackley was taking hold of her. Pulling her close. 'Don't be a silly girl,' she said. 'You don't want another dose right away. I'm sure you don't. But Mr Mallard...is quite capable of it...'

No, Rosemary didn't. What she had just had had been quite impossible. She could still feel it: that cane slicing into her soft, thrust-out bottom. Like a knife into butter. The thought of more...Anything had to be better than that.

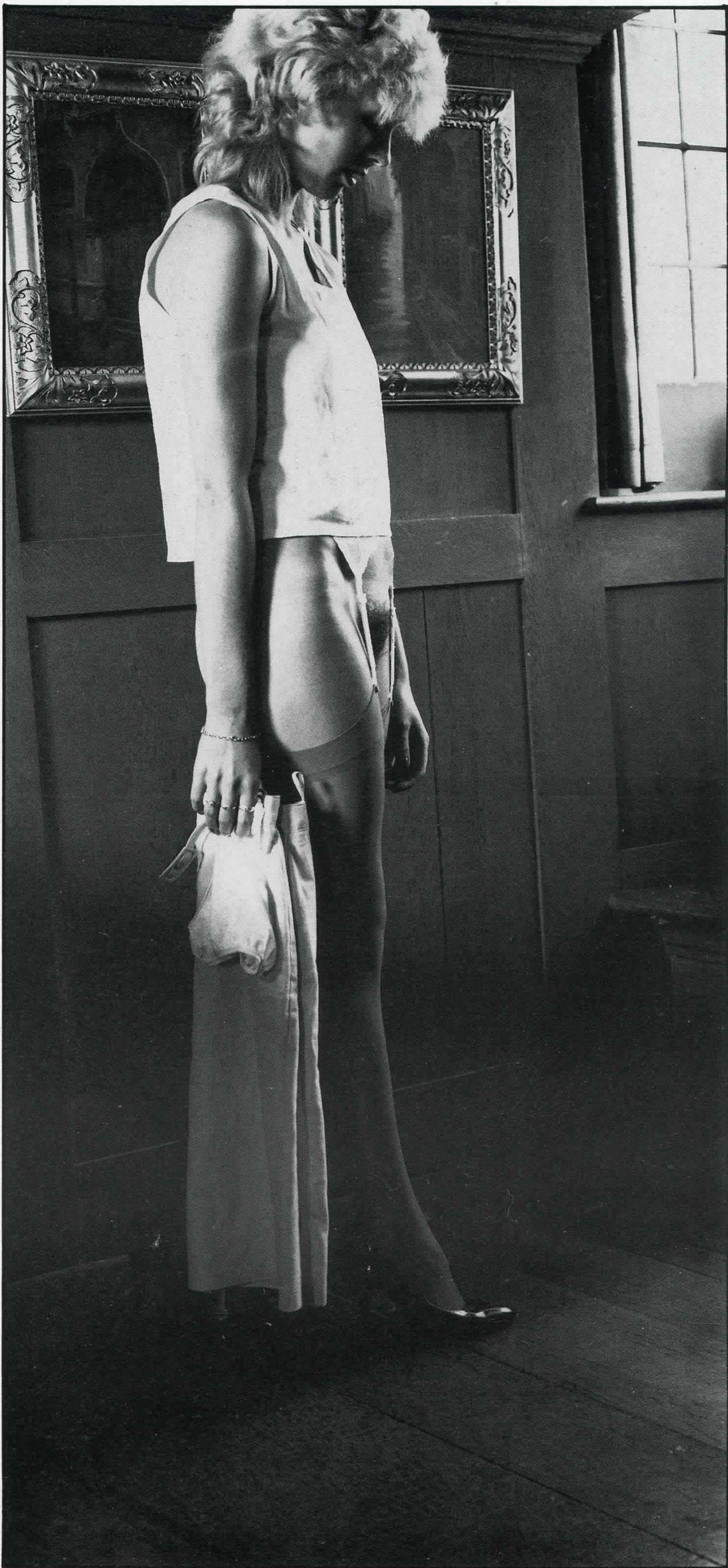
Sylvia Brackley was kissing her. Her hot ripe mouth on Rosemary's, as if it wanted to devour her. A wet tongue thrusting forcefully into her mouth.

A moment's panic, and then she didn't fight it. Sylvia made appreciative moaning sounds. At last she took her mouth, her tongue, away. Rosemary gasped, 'He won't cane me? I can't...take...any more.'

Sylvia said, 'He won't again today. If I tell him. If you're a nice sweet girl.'

She took Rosemary's hand. Slid it down and then up. Up inside the front of her own dress. There was nothing under it — except Sylvia Brackley. Hot flesh...and at the top that thick matt of black curls that Rosemary had been shown yesterday. Rosemary's hand was pushed in the curls. In where it was all wet.

'Not if you're a nice sweet girl,' Sylvia Brackley said again.







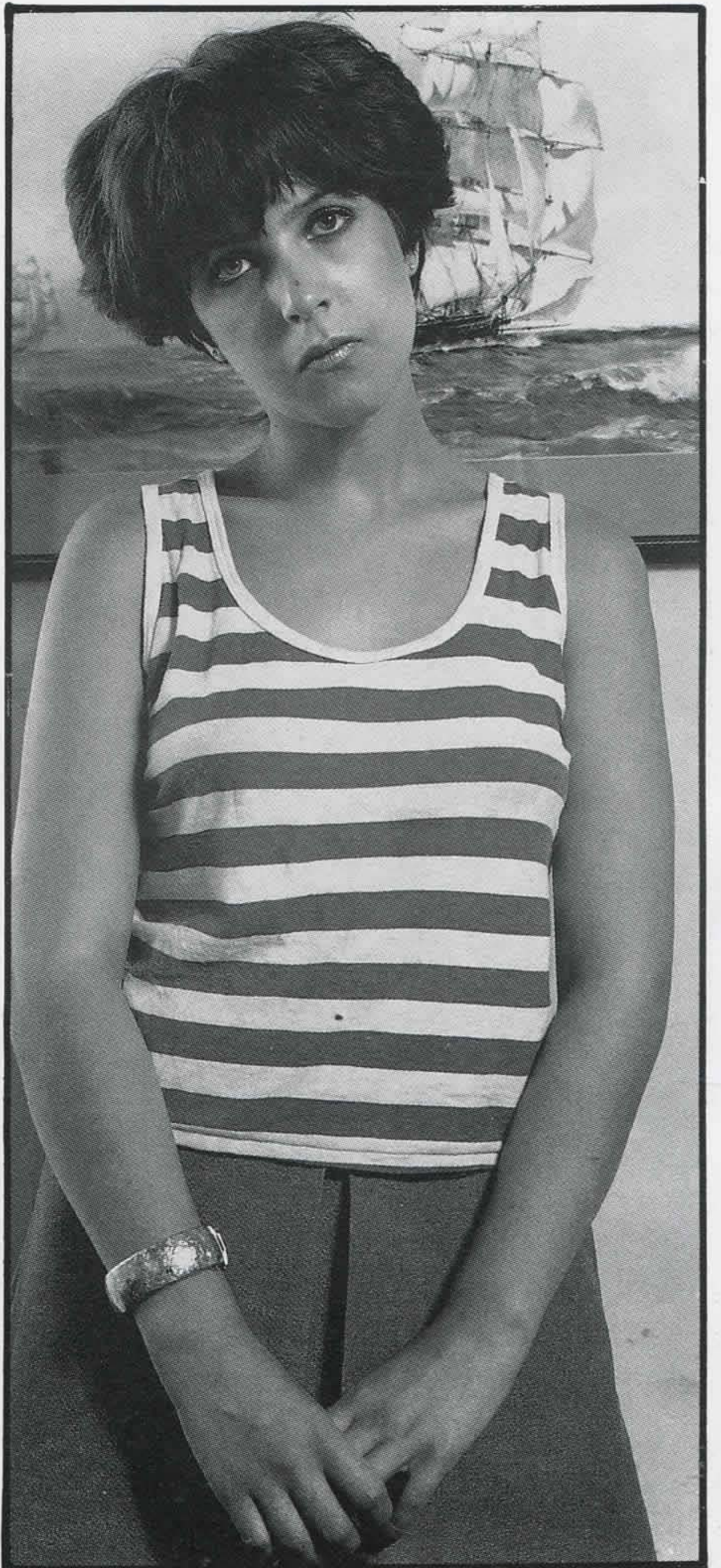


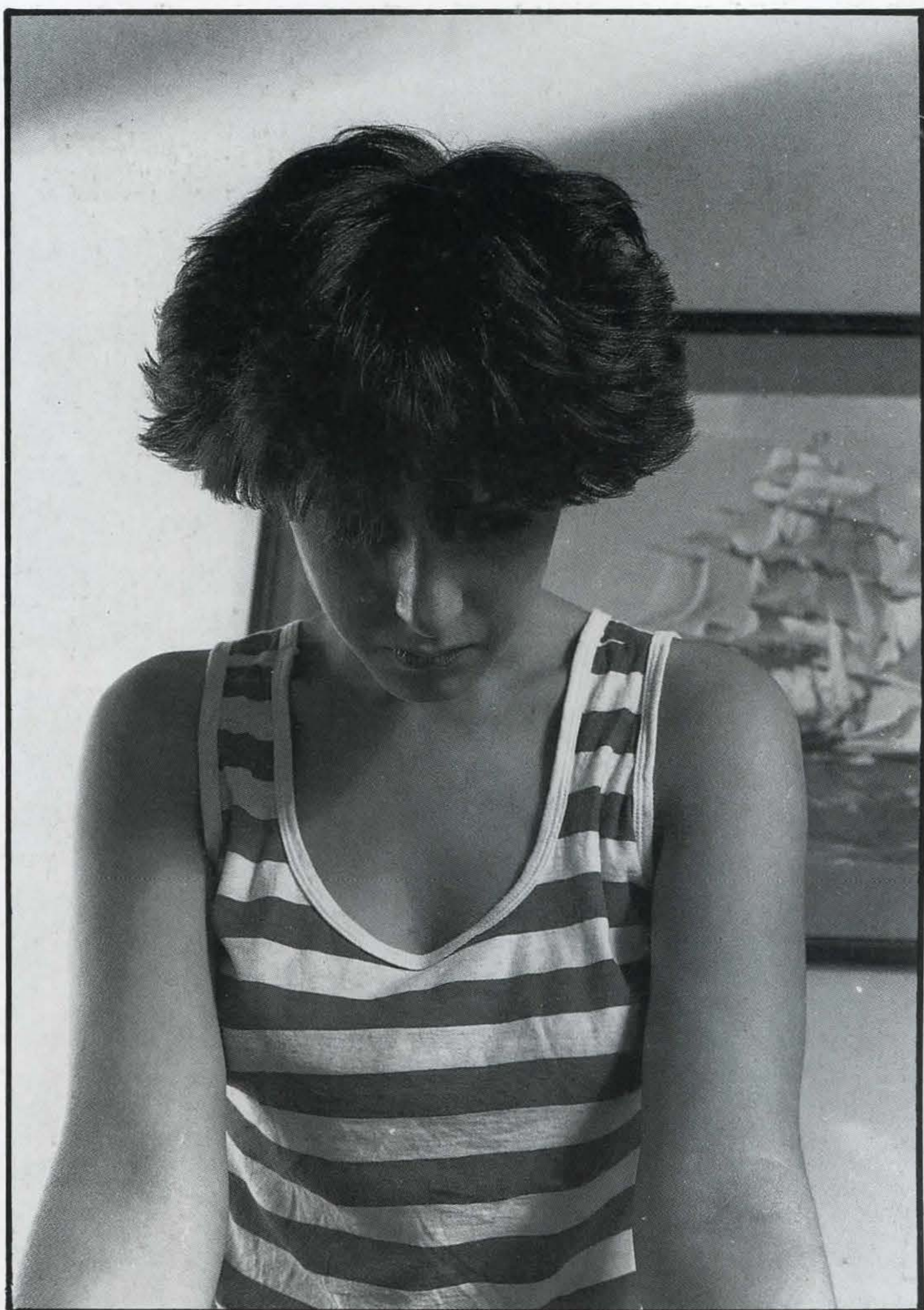
AN APPOINTMENT WITH THE INSPECTOR

He glanced up from the file and his eyes met hers. She felt herself shiver. 'Karen Edley,' he said. His eyes went down to the file again. 'Number 754A83. Age 19. Have you been to see an Inspector before, Karen?'

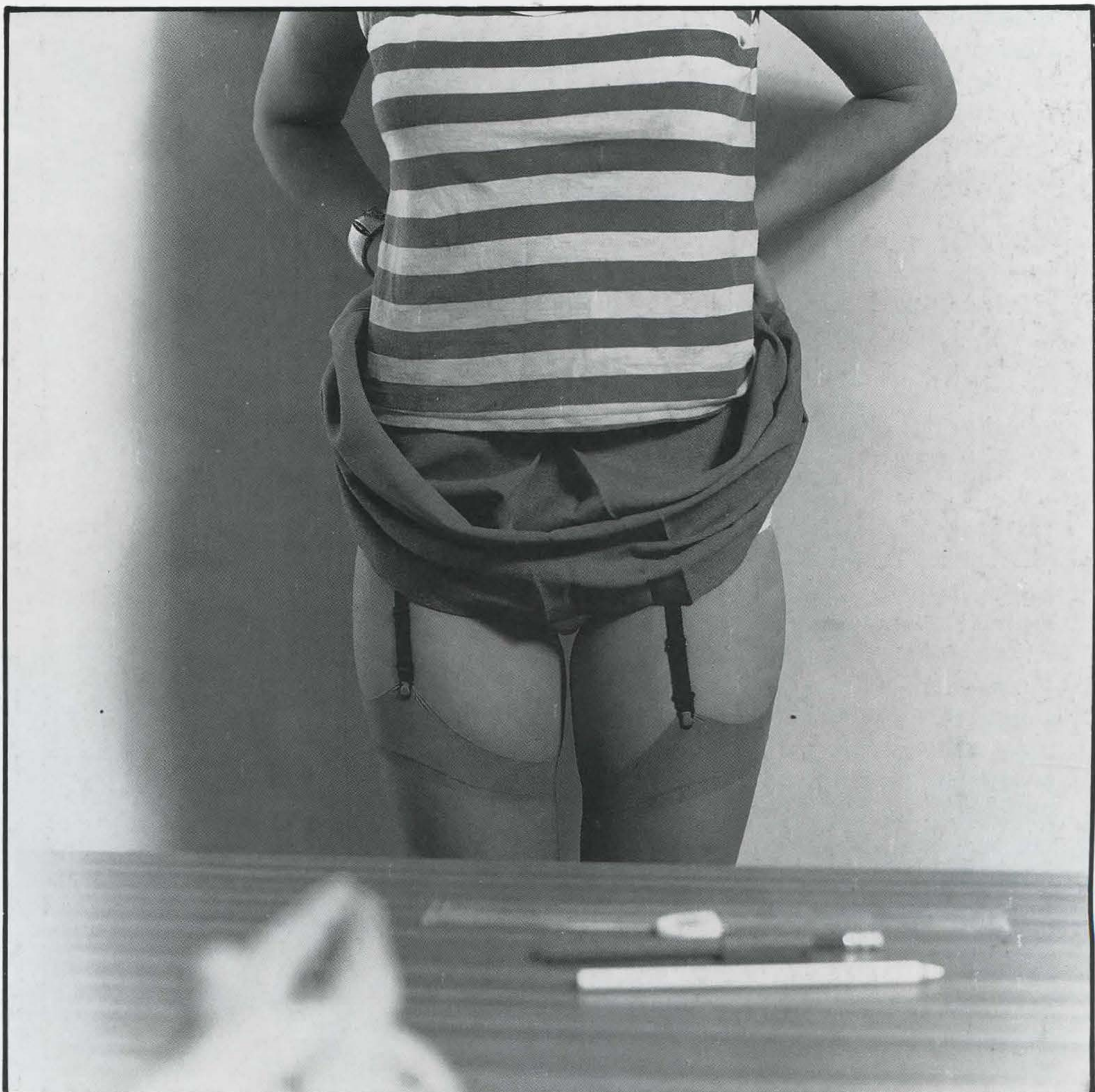
'No Sir.' Her voice sounded strange. Dead scared in fact.

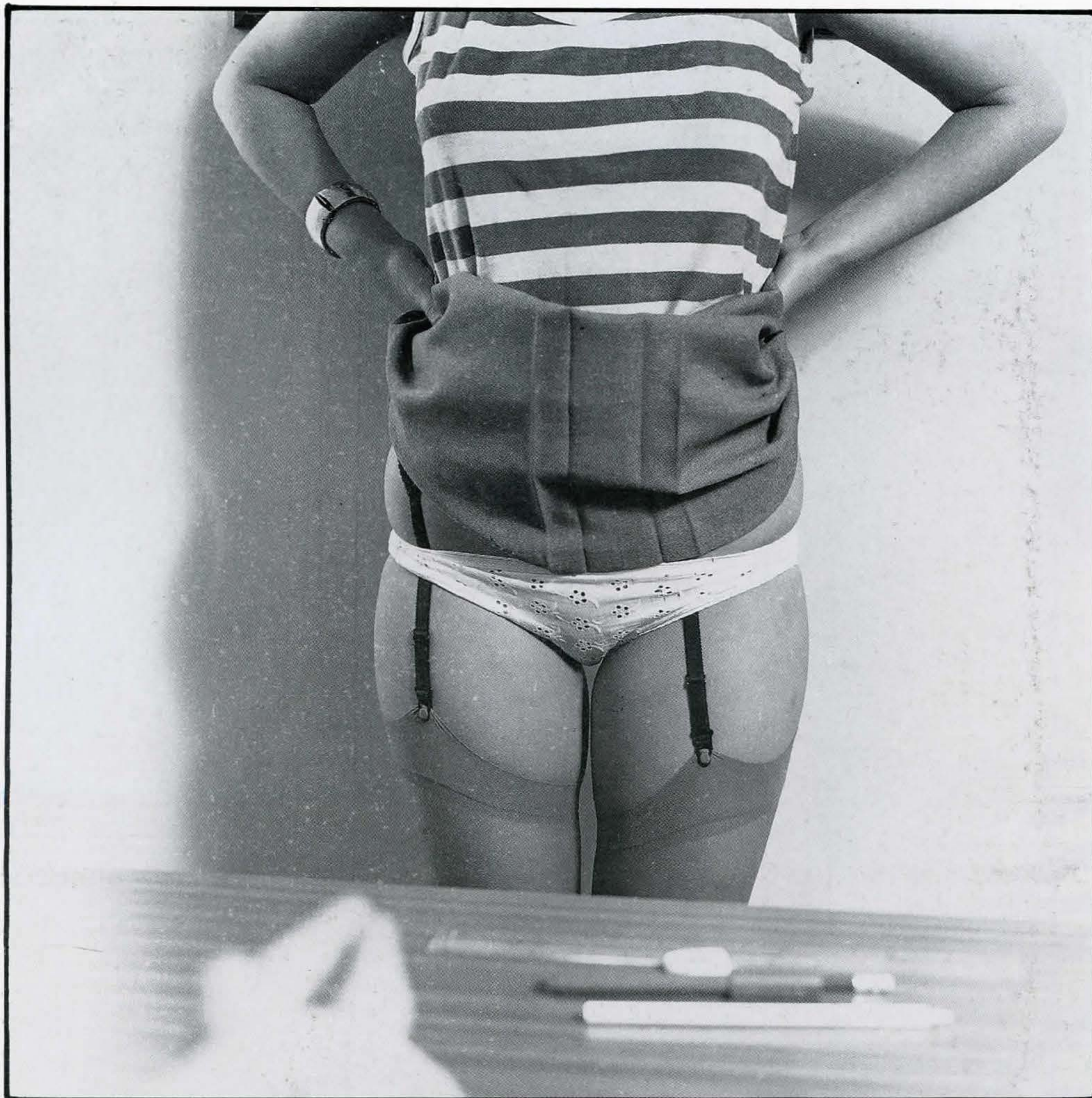
'I see. Your first time. Good. Come round here then, Karen. Let's have a look at you.'





She had been standing in front of the wide expanse of his polished wooden desk top, its reflecting surface bare except for the file and a telephone. Karen had hesitatingly knocked and then entered, closing the door quietly behind her and then stepped forward to stand at attention two paces from the gleaming desk. Arms straight at her sides, her shiny black patent leather high-heeled shoes together. Now she stepped forward again, telling herself to keep calm. Stepping obediently forward and round the desk to where he meant, at his side. Just keep calm: you knew what you were going to get, what a girl always got on a visit to an Inspector. It wouldn't be nice, it would be awful but not really impossible. Probably thinking about it, dreading it, as she had been doing ever since receiving the notification of her appointment — probably that was worse than the actual business itself. Tell yourself that anyway.





'That's better. Mmmm. You're a pretty girl, Karen. Aren't you? And a very nice shape too. That must attract the boys, I'm sure. Males in general. Mmmm?'

Karen Edley was indeed a pretty girl with glossy black hair cut short and dark, lustrous eyes. And her figure too, as the Inspector had remarked, slim and shapely in a striped blue-and-white sleeveless top and grey skirt. Slim, but her firm, high tits were prominent enough, thrusting out the front of the tightish top. Karen shifted her feet nervously in the shiny black high heels. 'I...I don't know, Sir.'

'Don't know, Karen? I'm sure you do. I am sure you're well aware how attractive you are to the male sex. Do you have a regular boyfriend, Karen?'

'Yes sir.'

'But not indulging in what you shouldn't, I hope? Sexual intercourse.'

Karen shook her head. 'No Sir.' Blushing slightly perhaps now. A girl wasn't allowed to have intercourse before she was married. For reasons

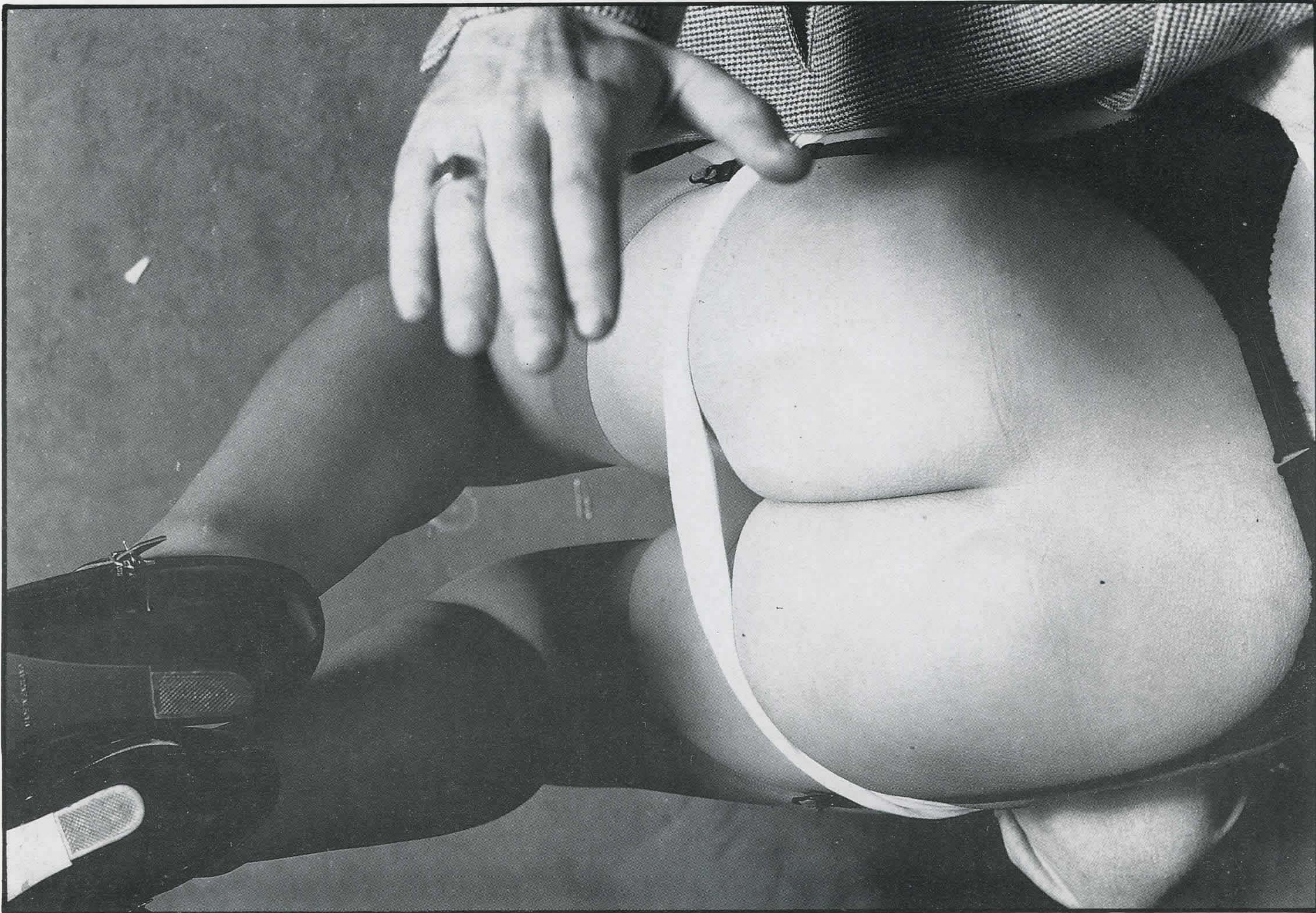
of public hygiene as well as for moral considerations. Not with a boyfriend at least. However a member of the Party could have an unmarried girl as a girlfriend and if he wanted to have intercourse — as one would assume he would — there was no problem with that. Members of the Party were not covered by the rules for normal citizens. And if a Party member saw a pretty girl and wanted her then he had her, it was as simple as that.

'And no...ah....special relationship at present, Karen?'

The Inspector was referring to that: a relationship with a Party member. Karen shuffled her feet nervously again, knowing what he meant. If a Party member saw her and fancied her she wouldn't have any choice. It wasn't a nice thought. She thought of it at times and so of course did Simon her boyfriend. He sometimes asked her, obliquely, not wanting to come right out and ask directly but obviously afraid that Karen might have been approached by someone. For perhaps a one night stand or something more permanent but either way Karen would have had to say yes. In a way it was perhaps surprising that she hadn't been approached yet as she was such an at-







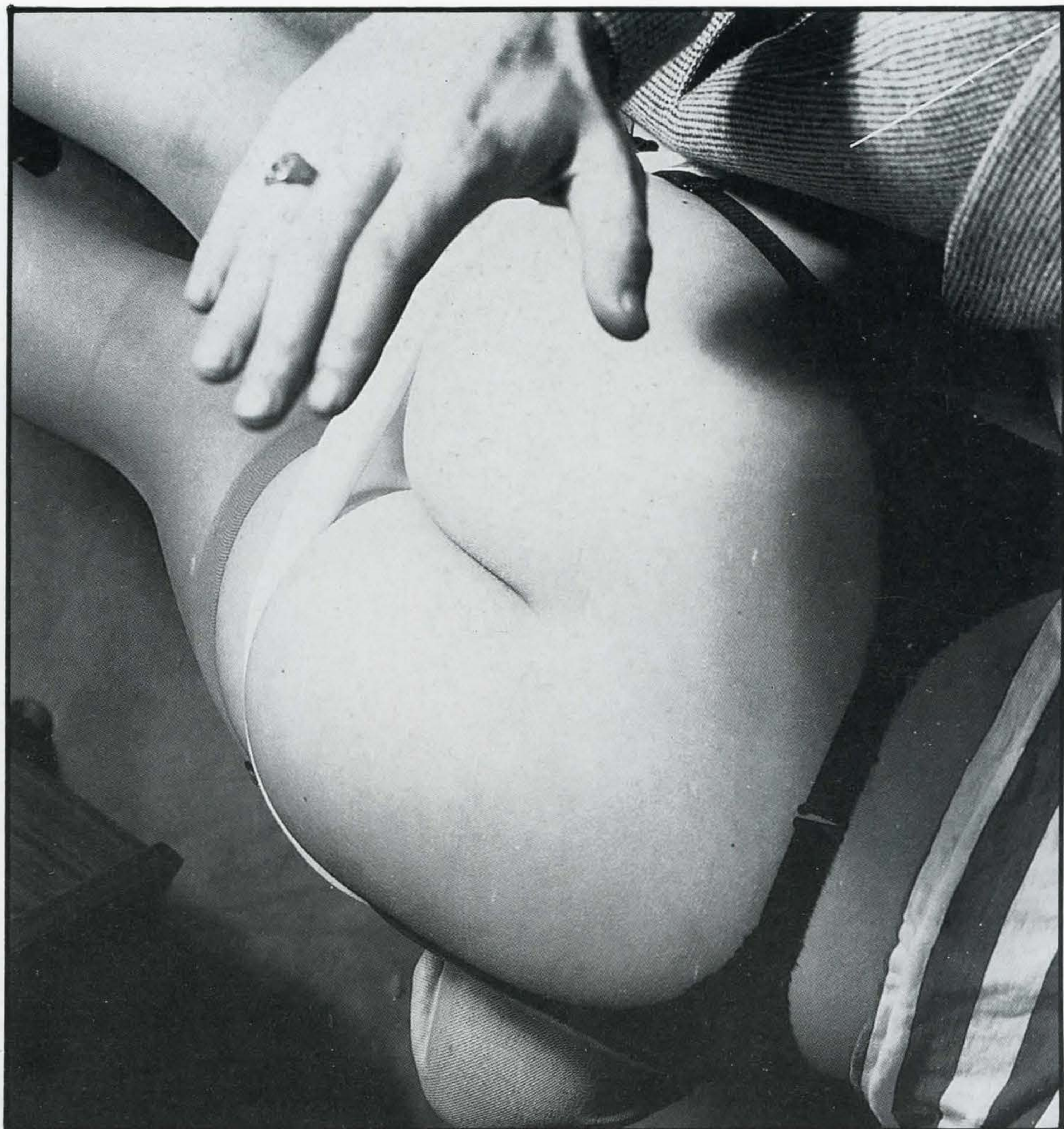
tractive girl. That clearly was what Simon thought, and feared. Partly the reason was that Karen worked in a factory with other girls and women. If she had been a typist for instance there was no doubt she would have been had by someone by now. She shook her head and said. 'No Sir' to the Inspector.

'No? Hmmmm. Surprising perhaps, Karen?' The Inspector meant the same thing: it was surprising that someone hadn't had a go at her. 'And you've never...ah...had anything like that?'

'No Sir.' Red-faced now.

'Mmmm...well you'd certainly be a very attractive number for someone.' His hand came out and slid lightly over Karen's shapely tits, held in only a skimpy lightweight bra under the thin top. 'It's good for a girl, to have something like that. An educational experience. Yes.' His hand squeezed a firmly jutting boob and then came away. 'All right. Let's see some more of you. Lift your skirt. Right up. I assume you're wearing stockings and a suspender belt.'

Relieved at least that the Inspector had stopped playing with her boobs Karen obediently lifted her skirt. The play-





ing with her tits came as no surprise and although it was not nice there was nothing you could do about it: certainly not complain. The same went for being asked — or told — to lift up your skirt. And anyway, knowing what was sure to come...

Karen's sheer black nylons were fastened with the slim straps of a sexy black suspender belt. Above the taut straps and the soft bare upper thighs was a pair of tight and brief knickers, blue-and-mauve patterned on white. The pretty knickers hugged Karen's womanly hips and the swelling mound of her Mount of Venus. All in all it was an enticing show — but then you knew what you were supposed to wear for an appointment with a State Inspector. And if you were sensible you did.

'Very nice,' the Inspector said approvingly. 'Good. I had a girl come to me last week wearing tights.' He shook his head. 'One would expect any girl to know better.' He smiled a little grimly. 'But I've no doubt she'll remember the next time. What do you think, Karen?'

As he spoke the Inspector's hand took hold of that bulge at the top of Karen's thighs. The ripe pubic mound warm in





the tight nylon of her knickers. 'Do you agree, Karen?'

Karen gasped out something that was meant to be agreement. You did not disagree with an Inspector. But his fingers were intimately handling her pussy. One finger sliding in along the line of the lips, at Karen's entrance.

Stroking it with his middle finger the Inspector said, 'I gave her the cane until she was quite sure she couldn't take any more.' He laughed softly. 'But then of course she found she had to take some more. You understand, Karen?'

'Y...Y...Yes sir.' The finger was still doing its awful, knee-trembling business.

'And what about Karen Edley then? She will have to have the cane too of course. Naturally. A girl has to be given a taste of it when she comes to see an Inspector. We know that. Don't we, Karen?'

Karen did know it. If you got an appointment with an Inspector you were going to get the cane. That was a fact of life — or of the State. Even if you







wore the recommended sort of outfit. High heels and stockings. A suspender belt under a short skirt. You were still going to get the cane. 'Y...Yes sir,' she stuttered.

'A young woman needs a touch of the cane now and then. A little reminder on discipline. Still, when she's worn the right sort of outfit and there are no real problems noted on her file — well, it won't have to be a particularly severe one. Not like that Samantha I think her name was.'

His hand was still rubbing along the lips of Karen's pussy. She had her knees slightly apart now, so as not to appear to be trying to stop what the Inspector was doing. Karen could feel she was getting wet there, unavoidably with what the Inspector was doing. Her knees and thighs were trembling. It was really dreadful having to stand at attention holding your skirt up while he did this to you. She had been expecting to get the cane but hadn't really thought about this. This dreadful sweat-making business.

'Shall we get them down then, Karen? These pretty knickers. As I say you've got a good report, no problems it would seem. But I need to give you a reminder

with the cane.'

He took his hand away from Karen's now moist slot. That at least was something, not to have his fingers there. Karen took a deep breath to try to compose herself. The Inspector's hand was at the top of her knickers. Sliding them down. In a way the cane would be a relief. When she'd had the cane this dreadful interview would be over. The cane would hurt, it was bound to. Don't think about it, try to close your mind. Everyone had to have it sooner or later. Some girls of course with problems on their files got it lots of times. So don't get panicky. At least he other thing had stopped...

Suddenly Karen's breath hissed out. Her knickers were down and the Inspector's hand was back there. Her pussy. Now on the bare: the bush of soft black curls. His fingers in underneath. Where she was now sticky wet.

'You like this, do you, my dear? You like me doing this.'

She shook her head. Not knowing what to say and not really able to produce any words. The Inspector's fingers had slid in Karen's wet entrance, in bet-

ween the slipper lips. 'You're quite responsive, aren't you? Does your boyfriend do this? Stimulate you?'

Karen's mouth opened but no words seemed to want to come out. It was not illegal, a couple going out regularly were not committing any offence by practising stimulation, or masturbation. Karen let Simon do what the Inspector was doing now, his two fingers stroking her clit. 'Y...yes...' she finally managed. 'Yes sir.'

'And do you do it to him? Stimulation?'

'Yes sir.' In a tiny, gaspy voice.

'Your hand? With your hand? Or do you use your mouth as well. Sucking.'

'Mmm...only m...my hand, Sir...'

'Mmmm. Well there are no problems with doing those things, Karen. The State allows them. An acceptable safety valve for young persons' emotions. As long as you don't engage in the actual thing. Good.'

The awful hand came away. 'I don't think I'll do that any further. I think you're in a very good state right now to have the business. A bit hot and bothered, eh Karen? Just nice. I'll give you a spanking first and then it'll be the cane. Come on, let's have you over my lap...'

The room seemed to be going round and round in Karen's head but she was over the Inspector's lap all right. Her head hanging down near the floor and her bottom nicely up across her thighs. The Inspector's hand came in between her trembling thighs for a brief rub at Karen's hot wet sex and then the hand was slamming down onto the upthrust cheeks. Hard stinging spanks that knocked the breath right out of her lungs. Knocked it out in gasping yelps as slam after slam thudded in onto Karen's unprotected bum. She hadn't even thought of a spanking, just the cane. And the caning, which would follow this, would be worse because a caning had to be worse than a spanking.

I can't take the cane Karen told herself. The Inspector was still slamming his hand down on her poor bottom which was writhing and rolled about. *I can't take that cane. I'll have to tell him.* But of course the Inspector would take no notice. Or if he did it would only be to give her extra strokes of the cane...

* * *

Continued on page 45...

DOMESTIC TRAINING



Bing...Bong. It is the door bell. Mr Newling turns his head, a flicker of annoyance on his face. 'Drat! Who...Oh I suppose it could be the new girl. Whatsername.'

He looks back to Darlene and gives her arm a gratuitous pinch. 'Is that what you think, Darlene? Miss Whatsername?'

'Don't know, Mr Newling.' Darlene grimaces slightly at the pinch. They are in Mr Newling's sitting room, just Darlene and Mr Newling. Mr Newling is in shirt-sleeves and braces, dressed for indoors, for indoor action you might say. Darlene on the other hand is attired more formally, in her Training Uniform. Pale grey shirt and dark green tie with below a tailored black-and-white small-check skirt. Her shapely legs are in patterned white nylons; these are Mr Newling's choice rather than specifically the uniform which would normally be black nylons. Darlene is a pretty and shapely girl of 18, a trim figure and a pert, gamine face framed in short dark bangs. It is possibly a case of being saved by the bell as Mr Newling has just that moment suggested giving her a spanked bottom for a minor misdemeanor. Taking Darlene's knickers down and spanking her bare bottom. But now with this diversion, this Miss Whatsername if that is who it is, it may slip Mr Newling's mind.

His hand slips behind Darlene to briefly fondle her bottom, thinking perhaps of the smooth firm cheeks that he was about to deal with but now, for the moment, can't. 'Hmmm...' he says, then strides out, into the hallway, to the front door.

'Hello...Uh...Mr Newling?'

She is approximately Darlene's height and build — and age too presumably because if it is Miss Whatsername she will be 18. That is the age for girls to start their Domestic Training. This girl is also a brunette, but her hair more curling than Darlene's. Her face is softly rounded, with a full-lipped mouth, more conventionally pretty than Darlene.

'Yes. Miss...ah...?'

'Simkins, Mr Newling. Janice Simkins. They sent you the form.'

'Yes of course. Janice Simkins. Yes that's the name. And why are you dressed like this, Janice? Why aren't you wearing a Training Uniform?'

This pretty, ripe-mouthed girl called

Janice makes a face and shuffles her feet. There is nothing like getting off on the wrong foot at the very beginning. 'I'm sorry, Mr Newling. It's not ready. I went yesterday but it wasn't ready.'

'Hmmm,' says Mr Newling giving her a quizzical look. Not arriving in uniform will certainly need some sort of response. The girl might be trying something on. A uniform is a girl's own responsibility, it's not good saying it hasn't arrived. 'Come in then,' he tells her. Janice steps inside, past Mr Newling and as she does so he takes hold of her bottom through the non-uniform skirt.

'We shall have to have a word about this, Miss. I mean a girl should make sure she does have a uniform. Yes, we'll have to have a word...'

As he speaks Mr Newling is making an initial manual reconnaissance of Janice's rear divisions through the thin skirt. She stands submissively still. A girl on her Domestic Training of course has no real rights. Her gentleman can do virtually as he likes and put it down to training. He can certainly feel her bottom up if that is what he wants, and indeed do a whole lot more. So there is no thought in Janice's head of objecting to the hand.

'Yes,' Mr Newling says again finally. 'Right then...' Janice is directed into the sitting room where Darlene is waiting. Wondering still about her own spanking and whether it is still on. She says Hello to the newcomer. Two girls are the normal limit that a gentleman can have in training at any one time. A second girl should make things better, because Mr Newling will at least have to divide his attention between the two of them.

'Darlene will be able to tell you about your duties,' Mr Newling tells Janice. 'I shall divide the general household tasks between the two of you — so you'll both have an easy time, won't you?' He laughs. 'Of course that will leave more time for disciplinary training and I'm sure you'll both be pleased to hear that. Eh Darlene?'

Mr Newling takes hold of the uniformed girl, turning her and pulling her back close against him, then his hands coming round under her arms to cup her boobs. He grins at Janice. 'Darlene likes having her titties played with. Don't you, Darlene?' he says putting his mouth close to her ear. 'It gets her all hot and excited.' One hand lets go and slides down. Darlene yelps as it grasps the soft mound between her

thighs. 'It gets her all hot and excited down here. Eh Darlene?'

Red-faced Darlene is squirming, writhing about in Mr Newling's two-handed grip, and gasping. 'Ahhh...Don't...Please don't...' Mr Newling is not in a hurry to let go. 'Of course what she really likes is having her bum spanked. Darlene really likes that — so I see she gets plenty of it.'

Abruptly he lets go with both hands and the writhing Darlene almost falls over. She manages to steady herself. Her legs are trembling, her breathing gaspy. She produces a sick sort of smile for Janice as she straightens her skirt and shirt. Mr Newling grins at her. 'Isn't that right, Darlene dear. You get all hot between your legs and then I have to take your knickers down and spank that pretty bum.'

There is nothing Darlene can say or do, except chew her lip. Mr Newling is trying to make her feel awful and he is succeeding wonderfully. And there is nothing Darlene can do except stand there and take it.

But of course Mr Newling now has his other girl as well. 'Right. Get on with some cleaning, Darlene dear. Vacuum in here. I'm taking Janice upstairs. Pretty Janice here who has turned up you will have noticed without a uniform. Come on, Janice.'

Mr newling directs the new girl towards the door. Darlene sees his hand go to Janice's bottom in the skirt that she shouldn't be wearing. Darlene has had a nasty few minutes with Mr Newling but now he clearly has his mind, as well as his hand, on this Janice. With any luck he has forgotten about that spanking that she (Darlene) was going to get.

Upstairs Mr Newling shows Janice into a small bedroom. It will be hers, he tells her, Darlene's is opposite. He laughs. 'Mustn't have you both in the same room or you'll be getting into bed with each other. Eh Janice?'

Janice produces a nervous smile. She has had to watch Mr Newling with Darlene downstairs and on the way up Mr Newling has slid his hand up her skirt: up the backs of Janice's thighs to her knickers. So she is not under any illusions that she is going to have an easy time here. But of course you don't have any choice when doing your Domestic Training. Your name is on a list with your details and a photograph and gentlemen who take girls for Domestic Training simply take their pick. If Mr Newling is awful it is just

her bad luck.

'Wouldn't you?' Mr Newling says. 'Be getting into bed with each other.'

Janice shakes her head. 'No!' She is clearly nervous, wondering what is going to happen in this little room with Mr Newling. 'No...certainly not.'

Mr Newling is sitting down on the bed. 'I wonder, Miss. I wonder. Anyway take your clothes off now. All of them. I must give you a little spanking for turning up like this.'

Is that what he said? She is not imagining things? Janice knows Mr Newling did say it, it is not her ears playing tricks. Take all her clothes off. She doesn't move, transfixed, a numb, disbelieving look on her face.

'Come on,' Mr Newling says. 'I can't have you mooning about. When I tell you something you do it right away. Or shall I take them off?'

No it is not a joke, Mr Newling means it. Janice reaches for the buttons of her blouse. All her clothes off, Mr Newling said. Thoughts jumble in her head as to what Mr Newling may be going to do. When she has all her clothes off. He said spank...that is awful but...but she does it, trying not to think. Everything off. Blouse and skirt and shoes and socks. Her bra, to reveal the gently nodding boobs. Her knickers the last thing. Slipping them down and off over her now bare feet. Janice is nude: the pink-nippled tits and the neat black bush revealed to Mr Newling's appraising eyes. Janice wants to find a hole in the floor somewhere and slide down into it. But there is no hole. Mr Newling beckons her forward, close. She is certainly a tasty looking piece.

Janice steps forward. Red-faced, her arms at her sides despite her urgent need to cover her boobs, her pussy, but she knows that is not allowed. Mr Newling's hand comes out...and take hold of the crisply-curved mound. 'We have to learn about uniform, Janice,' he tells her softly.

'Yes sir.' It comes out as a little squeak. What Mr Newling is doing to Janice's pussy is making her shiver. 'I shall have to do something about it,' Mr Newling says. 'I think a good spanking. And then perhaps something else. Does that seem reasonable to you? A good spanking first at least?'

Janice makes a 'Mmmmaaaa...' sound. Mr Newling's fingers have found her clit and are stroking it. She is going to

collapse, into an untidy heap on the floor. 'Yes, Miss?'

Janice can't even think about what he has said. All that matters in her head are Mr Newling's fingers.

The hand finally stops, comes away. Mr Newling is pulling her down over his lap. Janice flops over, her head near the carpet. A weak gasp as Mr Newling grabs a handful of soft bottom. 'A spanking first,' he tells her. 'And then a touch of something else. It is essential to get things off on the right foot.'

Janice's breath gasps out as the first spank slams into her unprotected rear. Momentarily flattening the elastic flesh and leaving a pink hand-print which darkens to red as the hand swings back and comes in again, this time cracking in on the other cheek. A second, sharply delineated, angry mark. Very shortly, though, this and the other one are both obliterated as further repeated impacts of Mr Newling's hand transform the whole of Janice's writhing rear to a uniform glowing deep pink.

'How was that for a start?' Mr Newling taking a little breather is breathless from his efforts. 'I'll give you a bit more...and then we'll try the other.'

The other is the cane. Janice has never had the cane but she has thought about it, the possibility. It is public knowledge that girls doing their Domestic Training can get caned. A gentleman is quite free to use the cane and it is know, or rumoured, that many do. Equally of course others do not, a gentleman may not be interested in that or think it's a good thing. So it simply depends on your luck. And Janice has thought about it all right before coming here to Mr Newling this morning, her first day. Having to take all her clothes off in front of him was awful, dreadful, as was having to stand there and let him fondle her pussy. The bare-bottomed spanking...that has of course been even worse. But the cane! Anyone knows that the cane is a quite different proposition from anything else.

'No...please...not...that...' Janice whimpers when Mr Newling has completed his second session of spanking. She is on her feet again, on rubbery legs, and her poor bottom is red hot. But...the cane...

Mr Newling smiles. 'Girls have to have the cane, Janice. And you have been very remiss in not making sure your uniform was ready. You had plenty of time.'

Janice shakes her head wildly. The motion is transmitted to the pretty tits which of course are still nude like the rest of her. The tits shake, the pink nipples bobbing from side to side. Janice is close to tears. 'No...please...Anything else.'

'Anything else, Janice? What could you suggest?' As he speaks Mr Newling's hand comes out to take hold of the pretty black bush again. Janice is not sure what she means. Vaguely, though, she thinks, well, something. Anything. Yes, anything. Mr Newling's fingers are in between her legs again. Janice gives another shake of her head, her nipples bobbing to and fro.

'I don't know what you could mean, Janice.' She has not resisted the hand — Janice is not in a state to resist anything — and her knees have come apart as the hand has pushed in. The hand, the fingers, are right in there, where she is all wet. Janice makes a wailing, sobbing sound.

Mr Newling takes his hand away. 'No, I don't know what you could mean, Janice dear. I do know that we must have the cane. Oh yes. Essential. Come on.'

He is getting to his feet. The cane in fact is already here, in Janice's room ready. Standing unnoticed by her against a cupboard. 'Come on, get yourself over the bed. Your bottom over the edge.'

The cane is as bad as Janice has feared. Even worse perhaps? A white-hot pain that makes her want to jump six feet in the air, climb up the wall, as if she can by some such desperate means distance herself from what is happening to her bottom. Janice can't do these things and they wouldn't really help anyway, but she can't, she has to stay in position over the bed and if she doesn't stay in that position and keep still she will get a double dose, Mr Newling tells her.

Janice doesn't keep actually still, that wouldn't be possible; but she stays in position. While the cane slices in at regular intervals, each stroke feeling as if it is going to take the skin off her poor bottom. She gets six. And then it is over? No. Not yet.

'Get up, Janice. Now we'll give you a few in another position.' The other position is on her back on the bed with her legs held up in the air. Janice's poor red-striped rear upturned to receive the cane in this new, even worse position. A position that of course is blatantly



showing everything. Though that aspect is for Janice at this moment not of paramount importance. It is the cane. The cane that is..CRACKKK!!! 'Aaaiioooowww...!' still slicing in.

* * *

Downstairs Darlene has finished her vacuuming. She eyes Mr Newling nervously as he comes back in with Janice. Janice has her blouse and cardigan back on and her black knickers, but not her skirt. She is wiping at her eyes. She has been caned, Darlene knows that. The tell-tale sounds from upstairs have been pretty unmistakeable. It is no wonder Janice is dabbing at her eyes. Darlene feels a sudden hot flush, a sort of premonition. Mr Newling is eyeing her.

'Finished, Darlene? Good. I seem to recall I was going to give you a spanking but we were interrupted by Janice's arrival. Yes?'

'Yes Mr Newling.' Darlene shuffles her feet. He is going to say...

'Why don't we make that a caning instead? You haven't had the cane for several days, have you? Mmmm? Yes. Go up and get the cane, will you, Darlene? There's a dear. It's in Janice's room.'

Continued from page 40...

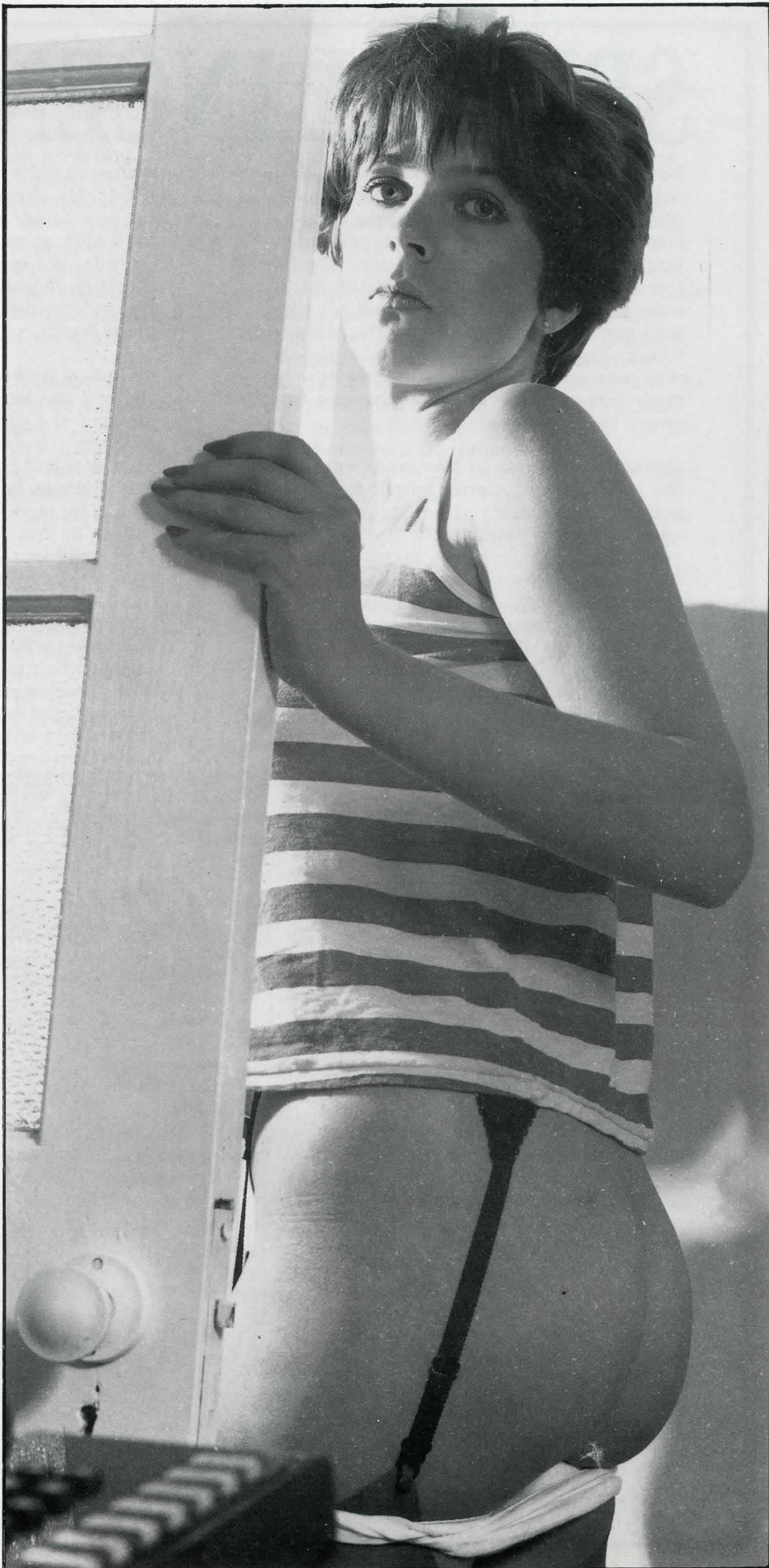
She didn't want to tell Simon. Though he would know of course. About the cane. Everyone would know that she'd had the cane because a girl always got it when she saw an Inspector. They would know it at work and the older women would be bound to tease her as they always did when a girl had gone to see an Inspector. Girls of Karen's age didn't tease so much — because there was every chance that it could be their turn next week or the week after. Yes they would all know as Simon knew. But Karen didn't want to talk about it.

She didn't want to think about it. The spanking...and then the cane. 'We'll have you stripped down for the cane, Miss. Everything off except your shoes and stockings and the suspender belt. Then I want you up on my desk. On your back on the desk, your legs held up above you.'

No she didn't want to talk or think about it — although it was all throbbing indelibly in her mind. That long, whippy cane slicing down onto her up-turned buttocks already smarting from the Inspector's fierce spanking. That cane... 'Take your hand away. If you do that you'll simply get more strokes. Is that what you want? Hold your legs with both hands and keep them there. Relax the buttocks...and keep them still...'

No she didn't want to think about it but it was filling her head to the exclusion of everything else. Which included for the moment that other thing. What the Inspector had told her before she had left, when somehow Karen's shaking hands had managed to get her clothes on again. He was going to give her name to a friend of his, a Party member of course. A member whom he was sure would be extremely pleased to meet her. 'I'm sure you'll be exactly what he's looking for. And it will be good for you, karen. In fact it's just what you need, a pretty girl of your age. Nineteen is about the ideal age I think.'

Karen knew what it meant but at the moment the full impact hadn't hit her. She couldn't properly take it in because her mind could only really think of the caning still. Later, though, she would, when the immediacy of the caning was less. And then...she wouldn't tell Simon. She couldn't possibly tell Simon. That she was going to have to meet this man. Who would want something else. The thing she wasn't allowed to do with Simon. She couldn't tell Simon. She would have to keep it from him. Somehow.



SPECIAL INCENTIVES

Belinda was nineteen. An attractive girl. Not wildly overweight, but a little too plump for her work as a salesgirl for a cosmetics company. Her employer had warned her on several occasions. 'Shed a few pounds, Belinda, or I'm afraid you'll have to go.' Finally her boss had actually paid out for a consultation at the Masterson Clinic. That was one week ago. And now it was time to see whether the interview had made any effect on Belinda's passion for sweet fattening foods.

She smiled politely as Masterson entered the room. 'Good morning Belinda.' The man glanced quickly at her figure, mentally assessing her weight. 'Have you kept to your diet plan?' Belinda's pretty features displayed a hint of guilt. 'Well, almost. Most of the time...' Masterson nodded, and turned to the appropriate page in Belinda's file. 'We must check your weight, Belinda. Strip down to tee-shirt and pants, please.' This was the moment Belinda disliked. She would have preferred to wear a track suit, or leotard or something. Perhaps a swimsuit. But tee-shirt and pants? Well, she knew her knickers really didn't cover very much. Last week she saw him looking at them, especially where the brief fabric didn't quite cover the dark curls of her pubic mound. She realised that Masterson must see many semi-naked girls every day in the course of his work. But it was still embarrassing. Especially since she knew she was a little overweight. There was just too much for brief cotton knickers.

Belinda stood in the centre of the small room, her hands by her side, feeling shivery, even though the Clinic was comfortably warm. Her breasts, well-formed and firm, gave shape to her thin tee-shirt. Her brief white pants seemed even tighter around her bottom curves than usual. Masterson pointed to the scales, and she stepped forward. He stooped, file in hand, to check the reading. 'Belinda. Your target for this week was to lose one pound. A modest aim you would agree?' The girl nodded, knowing that Masterson was not pleased with her. 'In fact you have GAINED exactly ten ounces, Belinda.' There was a clear note of disapproval in his voice. Belinda tried to make light of the figures. 'Well, it's my first week. I'll do better next week I'm sure...' Masterson too, was quite sure she would improve during the coming weeks. His special therapy guaranteed results, which is why so many businessmen paid good money to send their secretaries

and personal assistants to the Masterson Clinic. He closed the file and placed it on the side table, and then took another long hard look at the young woman. 'Well, Belinda. We must continue with your therapy. Would you remove your tee-shirt, please, and then follow me to the Treatment Room.'

Belinda stared at the man, fully believing she had mis-heard his instructions. 'You mean...' she shook her head. Stripping down to tee-shirt and pants was one thing. That was bad enough. But there was no way she was going to take her top off as well. The man responded with a slight smile. 'In that case, Belinda, I must inform your employer, and advise him, not only of your increased weight, but also your refusal to co-operate with the treatment for which he is paying.' Masterson turned towards the desk and picked up his phone. 'No. Alright.' Belinda heard herself pleading with the man, though she could hardly believe her own words. Hurriedly, she crossed her arms, took hold of the hem of her cotton tee-shirt, and lifted it up and off over her head, shaking her head to free her loose hair. She tried not to look at Masterson, and instead raised her arm to hide her pretty breasts from view. She remembered her employer's warning. 'Shed a few pounds, Belinda, or you'll have to go...'

Masterson led her along the narrow corridor towards the Treatment Room, and Belinda followed, her bare feet against the soft pile carpet, her well-developed breasts bobbing up and down as she moved. She hoped the man's therapy for the coming seven days wouldn't be too hard to follow. It was really no fun, trying to slim, when almost every hour you yearned for sweet sticky fattening delicacies.

'Stand up. Feet together. Hands on your head.' Masterson spoke quietly, but Belinda felt frightened by the emphatic tone of his voice. She obeyed each precise instruction, and stood before him, her breasts now completely bared. 'Ten ounces gained, Belinda. Not a very good start.' Masterson crossed to his Exercise Desk and showed the girl a blank square of card and a marker pen. 'We must encourage you to persevere, young lady. Please come here and write, as large as you can, the number '10' on this card. You may rest on the Exercise Desk.'

She felt awkward and embarrassed as she walked over to the table, feeling the man's

penetrating gaze following her almost-naked body across the room. Her hand shaking, Belinda scrawled an uneven '10' on the card and then held it out, feeling like a diminutive schoolgirl presenting homework to her teacher. 'Place the card on the floor at the end of the table, Belinda.' Masterson pointed to the carpet. Confused by the strange instruction, the girl stooped down, her breasts swinging forwards and free. Masterson moved the card very slightly, using his foot to position it an inch or so from the end of the table.

'Time for some exercise, Belinda.' He told her to lie on the table, along its length, on her back. Even in that position, her breasts were still full and firm. 'Now look at the ceiling, young lady. Imagine the number '10' written on the ceiling.' Belinda stared upwards. 'Now keep your ankles together and raise your legs until your feet are pointing right up towards the ceiling...' He waited and watched as Belinda grasped the edges of the table and strained to raise her long legs, closing her eyes with the exertion as she forced her limbs higher and higher. 'Right up, young lady. Right up, and keep them there...' The girl was breathing deeply now, her knuckles white,

her face a deep red crimson. Eventually, she reached the target, her legs straight, her bare toes pointing upwards towards the ceiling, her eyes still closed. 'Now count to ten, Belinda, before you lower your legs.' Her voice faltering, she began to count, picturing each number in her mind's eye. 'One...two...three...' Her limbs were aching, and weighing so heavily. '...four...five...six...' She gasped for breath, wondering what Masterson would say if she didn't manage to reach to ten. Her eyes firmly shut, she failed to notice Masterson crossing to his desk, opening his drawer, and removing a thin flexible rattan cane. As she continued to count, she didn't realise that he was holding the cane just a few inches away from the taut seat of her knickers, her thighs and bottom now raised clear of the table by her exertions. '...seven...eight...nine...' Belinda took a further deep breath. The man drew back his cane. It quivered, menacingly in the air above her bottom curves. '...ten!' It was a shout of jubilation, followed by the faint sibilance of the cane whistling downwards. It landed with a firm 'CRACK' across the full expanse of her bottom, and Belinda, caught totally by surprise let out a loud squeal of surprise and pain.



She clutched her bottom, and waved her legs about in mid-air, temporarily unable to find enough equilibrium to sit upright, totally at a loss to understand the searing band of cane which was stinging her bottom cheeks. Some time later, she managed to scramble to her feet, and stood, staring at Masterson and at the thin length of cane in his hand. She was still frantically massaging her bottom. 'Wha...?' Only very gradually was the truth dawning upon her. That this man had just caned her. That he was standing there, smiling at her, flexing that dreadful cane in his hand. And she, a grown woman of nineteen, had let him do it? 'Yes, it hurts, doesn't it, Belinda?' She stared at him, knowing her face was now burning red with embarrassment. 'But a caning is also very effective, young lady. Very effective indeed...'

Belinda was told to resume her position on the Exercise Table. 'Feet together and raise your legs again, Belinda. For the count of ten.' She felt hot tears welling in her eyes as she again forced her limbs upwards, inch by inch. 'And this time, we shall bare your bottom, just in case you fail to count to ten...'

Masterson released his cane temporarily, and tugged at the girl's pants, pulling them up away from her bottom until they rested at mid-thigh. Belinda's bottom, now bared, was pressed against the smooth table-top, but as she raised her limbs, the backs of her bared thighs, and her bottom cheeks, now sporting the evidence of the first cane-stroke, were revealed. She counted again to ten, gasping with the exertion. And as she reached the end of her count, the cane arrived again, cracking down, right across her bare bottom, making her squeal again, forcing her legs to gyrate around quite wildly in mid-air. Masterson stood back, amused by the very unladylike movements, watching as Belinda attempted urgently to dissipate the sting in her bottom.

'Face down, Belinda...Face down on the Exercise Table.' The girl shuffled round until she was lying again upon the table, this time face down, her head extended a few inches beyond the edge of the table top. She found herself staring downwards towards the carpet, and towards the card on which she had earlier inscribed the legend '10'. She felt Masterson tugging at her pants again, this time pulling them right down and off, so that she was completely naked. 'Next week, young lady...' He tapped the length of the cane lightly across her quivering bottom. 'Next week you will receive one stroke of the cane for every

ounce you are above the required weight. Ten ounces over, next week, young lady, will mean ten strokes. Ten hard strokes across your bare bottom. Just...like...this...' Once again, the stick was raised, to quiver momentarily above the naked girl, and once again it whistled down to bit deeply into the girl's bottom flesh. Belinda yelled loudly, her body wriggling frantically from side to side. She grabbed at her bottom with both hands, clutching at the soft plump flesh, desperately kneading away the pain. Masterson stood above her, watching the third thin red tramline appear across the ample expanse of bare bottom. 'You have been warned...'

The cane was returned to the desk drawer. 'You may get dressed, Belinda.' She rescued her knickers and tee-shirt from the carpet, allowing Masterson a glimpse of some very girlish and intimate secrets as she bent forward. She tugged her knickers up first, attempting to ease the tight elastic away from the lines of red pain on her bottom. And then she quickly pulled her tee-shirt over her head, grateful that her nudity was over. 'Next week, you are required to lose ten ounces. In addition to the ten ounces you have gained this week...' Belinda shivered as she realised the implication. Three stinging cane strokes had made her yell and scream with the pain. Three strokes had been almost unbearable, and yet, if she didn't reach her target...twenty strokes??? 'Yes, my girl. That should offer you some encouragement.' She followed him back along the narrow corridor towards the Reception area, where her employer would be waiting for her. But suddenly, Masterson was escorting her into another small room. His private office, perhaps. 'Before you leave, Belinda, I feel I must impress the figure twenty upon your memory...' He drew an upright chair into the centre of the small room and sat down. Belinda was placed across his knee, face down and bottom up, her knickers down around her ankles, her tee-shirt hitched well up. And she was encouraged to count slowly from one to twenty as he applied a full score of firm smacks to her ample up-turned rear.

Belinda found it difficult to compose herself as she returned to the clinic's Reception area. Her employer was waiting for her. 'Some progress, I hope?' Masterson nodded and smiled. 'Yes. I am sure Belinda has learnt a great deal this morning. The girl made for the door, knowing her face still showed the evidence of her recent bottom tanning. 'Same time, next week, Belinda.' Masterson was still smiling. 'I look forward to dealing with you again...'

PRETTY PAMELA IS VERY SHY

Her father had worked for the squire for many years. In fact young Pamela had been born on the estate. Her father was a good worker, loyal and trustworthy. The salt of the earth. He had called to see the Squire early one quiet Monday morning. 'I can't do anything with her,' he admitted, clutching his cap in his hands. 'I'm sorry, sir. She's a right handful...' The Squire put his mind at rest. 'Don't worry. I'll deal with her. It won't reflect on you. Just make sure she attends the Gatehouse at tea-time tonight.'

The venue and time were both significant. Young ladies from the estate, for some years past, had cause to remember the Gatehouse, and the time. The day's work had been completed by tea-time; the evening lay ahead; and evenings could be so very long. The gatehouse, too, was so very private, removed from the other buildings, lonely and isolated.

Pamela was a pretty girl, quite slim and quite tall. No beauty, but naturally pretty with appealing eyes. And she was very shy. Quietly and very hesitantly she crept towards the gatehouse. She stopped at the outer door and waited, finally plucking up enough courage to venture inside. She froze in the long dark passage when she saw the Squire awaiting her arrival in the distant well-lit lounge. 'Come in, young lady. Unless you want me to come out and fetch you in...' This time, the girl obeyed, shuffling towards him, her eyes averted from his gaze, staring downwards towards the floor. 'Now. What is all this?' he asked, his voice so quiet and sympathetic in its tones. The girl remained quite silent. 'Now tell me, Pamela, please. You were smoking in the Long Barn. That was why my workers found the hay smouldering?' There was a long uneasy silence and then she nodded, raising her eyes to glance at the tall man. '...Yes...It was me...' She stopped, but as an afterthought, continued. 'I'm sorry. Honestly I am...' Her apologies tailed off into a sort of nervousness. The man paced quietly to and fro in front of the girl, watching her carefully, with experienced eyes, looking at her girlish shape hiding behind the tee-

shirt and jeans. 'I have every right to sack your father because of your behaviour. Do you realise that?' Pamela shivered at the thought. '...Yes...sir. I'm sorry...Honestly I'm sorry...it's not my Dad's fault. Please don't sack him...'

The Squire waited until her appeals tailed off into silence again. 'Then if it is not your father's fault, whose fault is it?' She stared at him with big wide eyes. 'I suppose it's...it's my fault...' The man turned away from her for a moment in order to draw up a chair. He sat down. 'You know what I must do, don't you?' Pamela knew. One or two of her friends had told her. But she hesitated. 'Please sir...' He raised his eyebrows, insisting that she explained her hesitation. 'I'm...I'm dreadfully...shy...' He watched her carefully, noticing the bright pink blush which had crept across her face and promised to travel down her neck and shoulders. 'I'm sure you are.' He looked up at her. 'I hope you are very embarrassed at your childish behaviour.' He patted his knee. 'Now please come here.'

She shuffled forward, her shyness making her clumsy. Standing close by him, her be-jeaned legs almost touching his own trousers, she asked him. 'Sir...Do you have to...to take down my...jeans...' The Squire nodded. 'It is absolutely necessary that you are soundly discipline. After all, your behaviour has been so very childish.' She stumbled slightly as she spread her slim form across his knees, the denim of her jeans tightening dramatically across her upturned bottom. He patted the roundness of her cheeks. 'I did say that I would be taking these down...' She stumbled back onto her feet, her face bright pink. 'Now do as you're told...' Awkwardly, fumbling at zips and buttons, the youngster slowly peeled down the tight-fitting jeans, allowing them to rest around her knees. 'Right down. Right off, in fact...' She almost overbalanced as she tugged at the denim, pulling the jeans away from her feet. She stood before him, five foot nine inches of naughty girl, dressed now in just a blouse and a very flimsy-looking pair of knickers. The dark triangle of her sex was just ap-

parent underneath the tight material. Hurriedly, realising where the man was looking, she crossed her hand in front of her in an attempt at modesty. She had discarded her summer sandals before the struggle with her tight jeans. Now the hard floor of the gatehouse felt quite cold against her feet, protected only by her little ankle socks.

The room was silent, though somewhere in the distance a clock chimed. In her nervousness and the fluster of the moment, young Pamela had lost all idea of time. 'Put your hand on your head.' Slowly, she raised her arms. 'Come on. Right up. On your head, and keep them there.' He waited until she was standing still, facing him. 'Put your feet together, and stand still.' She blushed again, realising that he was studying her, considering her body and the way she was standing. Comparing her, perhaps, with all the other girls the Squire had entertained in his gatehouse. 'Have you ever had your bottom smacked? Really smacked?' He asked the question so casually, and stared at her with ice-cool eyes, waiting for her reply. She tried to look away and she found it very difficult to find the right words. 'Oh...No Sir...Well, Yes sir...I mean...' She tottered slightly, losing her balance momentarily.

'What do you mean, Pamela? Has your father ever smacked your bottom? It's a simple enough question?' She shook her head slightly. 'No sir. But my mum has, just once or twice...'

He stood up, and walked around her, pausing right behind her for a few seconds. 'You do realise that I normally take a child's knickers down before I smack her?' The question stunned the poor girl. She turned towards the man, dropping her arms, her fingers automatically gripping the waistband of her knickers. 'Oh no Sir. No Sir. That would be...that would be awful...please sir, please...'

The Squire smiled to himself. He had always liked young Pamela. She really was very charming, and her natural shyness was so very appealing. He returned to his chair.

'Well let's not worry about that for the time being.' He patted his knee. 'Come on. Across my knee.' She scuttled the short distance across the room towards him, again averting her gaze. She almost dived across his knee, hoping now that he would hurry up with his awful punishment, so that she could put her jeans back on and run home, and forget about this dreadful incident. She closed her eyes as she felt his hands steadying her body. Somehow, she felt so hot and clammy, and his palm was so dry and cold, where it rested on the top of her bare thigh. While he steadied

her, he pelled back her tee-shirt, gently tucking it up around her bra strap. 'They don't cover very much, your knickers, do they?' Pamela knew she was blushing over every inch of her skin. She could just imagine how much of her bottom was covered by her knickers; and how much was so blatantly exposed to this awful man's gaze. She'd always thought her figure was quite slim and ladylike; but suddenly, her bottom felt dreadfull big and round and wobbly; and right under this man's nose.

He placed his slightly curved palm

on top of the little tight knickers. 'I sincerely hope this smacking will teach you a lesson, Pamela.' He spoke in quiet measured tones. 'Do you think it will?' He patted the firm round bottom and extracted an almost incoherent reply. 'Most young ladies feel they have learnt a lesson by the time I've finished with them.' He thought he heard her given out a quiet sob. 'But you're a strong healthy girl. A good smacking will do you the world of good.' He raised his hand and gave Pamela a firm slap across her right buttock. She gasped, her body rocking forward slightly. A little



patch of pinkness appeared just below her knickers. The Squire matched it, applying a firm slap to her other bottom cheek. Again, the smack prompted a little girlish gasp. He placed both his hand around her waist and lifted her forward slightly, making sure that her firm round bottom was properly elevated, and perfectly curves; and then he continued to smack her. Poor Pamela rocked from side to side as each stinging smack arrived. She tried to reach behind her, to shield her bottom from the man's hard smacks,, but she nearly over-

balance. Each smack seemed that much harder than the preceeding one, and she was soon gasping with the sting that was spreading like a nasty nettle rash across the whole of her bottom.

When at last the man stopped smacking her, Pamela was sobbing. She stayed across his knee, her eyes closed, her hair all tangled and damp. She wished she could stay there, not having to look at him; not having to listen to him or talk to him. But he then lifted her up, and told her to stand.

'Hands by your side. Feet together.' The voice was still so measured and even. No sign of breathlessness despite the exertion of slapping her so soundly. She stared at her feet. 'Look at me, Pamela. I am talking to you.' It took a determined effort on the part of the punished girl to look up at the man who had smacked her. 'Has that taught you a lesson?' She nodded silently. 'I'm sorry. I didn't quite hear your reply...' She blushed even more, her face burning, and a few little tears stinging her

salty cheeks. 'Y...Yes...sir.'

He sat and watched her a little while longer. 'Alright. I think you've learnt your lesson. Get your jeans on.' Her whole body suddenly relaxed with relief. She turned to retrieve her jeans which were still draped across another of the chairs. She dressed hurriedly, waited to confirm that the Squire had really finished with her, and ran out of the room, along the passageway out into the fresh air.

Pamela was still sobbing — not because of the stinging of her bottom, but more in anger and because of the awful embarrassment she had suffered at the Squire's hands — when she almost collided with her friend. 'Hey. What's up with you?' The question was hardly necessary, as young Anne has also attended the Squire in his gatehouse on more than one occasion. 'That bloody, bloody man...' Pamela screamed the words through clenched teeth. 'I'll bloody get him...I'll...' Her friend squeezed her arm. 'Not here. Come on. Don't tell the whole world.' She led Anne, quickly, away from the yard which surrounded the gatehouse, back up into the large estate. 'That's his BMW, isn't it?' Anne pointed at the silver-grey glistening limousine parked on the side of the driveway. For the first time in some hours, Pamela found she could smile. 'Yes. It bloody well is...'

The ensuing ten minutes were moments of great tenseness and great bliss. 'Use this,' whispered Anne, handing a sharp stone to her friend. Eagerly and deliberately, enjoying the roughness of the stone against the smooth panelling of the vehicle, and the way the paint cracked and split away as she scraped the stone deeply along the entire length of the car.

She stood back, still clutching the stone, smiling at her handiwork. 'All my own work!' she exclaimed, assuming her friend was still with her. 'Anne?' She turned. Immediately behind her, she saw the Squire. The expression on his face scared her into complete speechlessness. The man found conversation unnecessary as well. He reached out, gripping the waistband of her jeans with his right hand, lifting her almost off her feet;

and with his other hand he supported her, wrapping his arm around her shoulders and her breasts. Sprawling, face down, and bottom-up, Pamela was propelled back across the yard and into the open hallway of the gatehouse. She fought and kicked in panic, but her feet only occasionally touched the ground, and by the time the house was reached, she had lost both her slip-on sandals.

'Jeans off.' She obeyed immediately, still fearful of the man's obvious anger. She fumbled with the zip, and quickly pulled her legs out of the denim. Suddenly, she was up in the air again, lifted again, being placed across the back of the substantial old sofa, a firm hand pushing her shoulders down so that she was tightly over, her face right down into the sofa's cushions. Just one hand took hold of her knickers, and with one firm wrench, the fabric gave way. Pamela's bright pink bottom was bared, totally bared. The Squire tossed the handful of fabric away across the room. He slapped the up-turned bottom cheeks, still glowing a bright pink as a result of the first smacking. 'Don't you dare move...' He left the room, his long firm strides echoing in the passageway. He returned only seconds later. Young Pamela was unable to see the cane now clutched in his hand.

He looked at the girl and at her bottom, and then placed the cane on the nearby table. 'No. This will not do. Not now.' Taking hold of her tee-shirt, he pulled her upright, and then dragged her towards the table. 'Get up.' She scrambled onto her knees and climbed onto the hard shiny surface, and turned to lie face down. 'No. On your back, you stupid girl.' Totally puzzled and bewildered, Pamela simply sat up, her bare bottom feeling the coolness of the wood.

The Squire was once again in control of his actions. 'I think we had better start again. Please step down here.' He pointed to the floor, to the same spot where he had stood her, moments before, when he had lectured her before her smacking. 'Now stand there. Feet together and hands on your head.' She obeyed him, her little tee-shirt rising too as she raised her arms, revealing her entire body from above her waist to her ankles, for

the man's gaze. 'To think I actually sympathised with you!' He stood quite close to her. 'I even let you keep on your precious knickers!'

He shook his head. 'Well now I'm really going to teach you a lesson.' He grasped the hem of her tee-shirt and pulled it upwards sharply, removing it over her head and arms, and then he simply reached behind her and snapped the fastening of her bra, pulling it away from her bouncy round breasts, tossing it across the room in the direction of her discarded knickers. For the first time that evening, he raised his voice. 'Now stand still with your hands on your head.'

Pamela was too frightened to disobey. Dressed now in just her little ankle-socks, she stood there while the Squire continued to lecture her. 'I am going to cane you, Pamela. On your bare bottom. Until I am convinced you will never misbehave again! And you will now walk across to my table, and lie down on it, face up...' He followed her the few feet to the table, and steadied her with his hand around her arm as she climbed up to lie on her back against its cold unwelcoming surface. Innocent to the last, poor Pamela was still confused, wondering how the man would cane her if she was actually lying on her bottom. At least the coolness of the wood was helping to soothe the angry stinging blush that was still very apparent across the full spread of her bottom cheeks.

She was still contemplating the puzzle when she felt the Squire's big hand clutching her slim ankles and then lifting them up, high up in an arc until her toes were up almost pointing at the ceiling. In her confusion she had lost sight of the cane, but now she felt it, tapping against the very fleshiest part of her bottom. 'Put your hands around your legs. Hold your hands together, behind your knees...' He tapped the cane against her thigh and waited until she had interlocked her fingers and she was supporting her own upturned legs, her bottom now fully and rudely exposed in all its glory. The Squire smiled to himself, knowing and understanding her embarrassment, as she lay there, awaiting her punishment. 'And now I am going to cane you, Pamela. I am going to thoroughly cane you...'

LETTERS

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Dear Blushes,

Are we going to read any more letters from the ladies?

Yes, Yes, If 'the ladies' will write, we shall print. How's that. So fellows, if you spank them, cane them or punish them, please get them to drop us a line.

Dear Blushes,

Many thanks for a superb magazine or should I say three as all are excellent. May I suggest a scenario for your request feature which I would enjoy and I am sure other readers too.

Several spanking stories relate some quite protracted punishments which I tend to favour, after all if you enjoy it the longer it lasts the better, but this is obviously difficult to convey in a series of pictures. What I should like to see is a naughty young lady receiving an over the knee bare bottom spanking with a clock visible in the background and as the sequence of pictures progress we can see that the unfortunate girl has had to endure say fifteen minutes of this, perhaps then she should stand in the corner for a further period of time contemplating the fact that she is to receive the same again shortly.

Alternatively the spanker could perhaps set a timer going before commencing the punishment.

I should like to mention some of the things you have featured in the past but which I would like to see more of. Stern but attractive middle aged ladies carrying out the punishments. The girls private parts peeping out between bottom and thighs. Office punishments of secretary's. Plenty of kicking legs, clad in stockings and stiletto's and more shots of anguished faces

whilst bottoms are burning. And finally I think the 'Through the Keyhole' voyeuristic type of photos are excellent as one gets the impression that a real spanking or caning is taking place and that the recipient is not aware of your presence, views from an undrawn curtain or door ajar would be excellent.

Yours gratefully,

A.D., Notts

Editor: Keep watching our next few issues!!

Dear Sirs,

Thank you for Supplement 29, this issue must rate as a classic. Number 28 was alright, but the text was full of errors, and the girl caned in the photos with 'Oxford Blues' had been seen before, in fact in the same set of photos, in Supplement 17 though the story was alright.

One picture, they say, is worth a thousand words, and it's the pictures I buy these magazines for. No. 29 has some excellent ones. 'Lessons for Alison' contains some first-rate stuff. The look of pain and fear on this lovely creatures face is superb. The colour photos of her being caned on Page 13 in particular and how nice to see some younger men dishing out the punishment, in this and the story 'Academic Afternoon'. As I wrote to you once before, there is a danger of spanking being seen as an old man's fetish. I'm sure young men are at least as keen on it as previous generations, but doubtless often made to feel it is 'kinky' or 'un-natural' especially in today's society. Nothing could be further from the truth, and your magazines should give them all the encouragement possible to release these harmless desires.

Which brings me to another point. From time to time you have featured photos of women dishing out the punishment. For god's sake, let's keep Blushes exclusively male domination. While most men find it quite natural to dominate, very few women have it in them, and most look silly trying. It is the abundance of these sort of pictures which makes me refrain from buying some of you're rivals. There are plenty of mags for those who

wish to read such material.

Lastly, one or two suggestions. I really would like to see a few coloured girls in you're magazines. The possibilities for what to do with a horny ethnic beauty are considerable, especially as many cultures regard such behaviour as totally normal, and would consider the reluctance to do so over here pernicious.

How about a motorcycle girl in black leather getting punished, both by her mascho boyfriend, and her father, or better still some other relative or guardian. (The sexual connotations being present in a way not possible in the father-daughter relationship)? Surely the lovely blonde getting the hairbrush in 'Morning Appointment', is the same fine specimen over the gentlemen's knee in 'Special Deliveries'. I would like to see this delicious thing get the cane and the strap in future issues; the hand and the hairbrush are much too tight to use on such a truly beautiful lady. A re-appearance of the equally delicious dark haired sex object from the same feature would not go amiss, either, likewise the girls from 'Academic Afternoon' and 'Lessons for Alison'.

All your ladies, of course, are lovely. Your magazines are certainly the most sexually arousing thing I can find on sale. Most 'mens' magazines are so tame they are hardly worthy of the title. Do try to keep it up, and remember, the ladies can never look hurt or frightened enough.

Many thanks.

Andy S., Huntingdon

Dear Editor,

When Blushes No. 1 came out what seems yonkers ago, I knew that this was the beginning of a new era of high class yet titillating CP literature. I am sure that many of your readers will agree that the standard of your first number has maintained and indeed improved.

Over the past years I have acquired an almost complete set of Blushes, the Supplement, Uniform Girls and Whispers — a library to which I can often refer to information and 'tell it not in gath,' to what your



fitting like another skin. Many women must be aware of the attractiveness of this because that is how they turn themselves out. I will follow a young woman for as long as possible if she is dressed in this fashion, all the time mentally stripping her.

Unbuckling the jeans, pushing them down — quite difficult over jutting hips — thus revealing a tiny pair of briefs. These, of course, have to come down too. Her bottom is at last bare. Mine to play with, or spank!

It's a nice little fantasy I have when I see a girl dressed in this way. No harm done, needless to say.

I am enclosing a couple of photographs of the kind of tight-jeaned bottom I appreciate most.

Yours sincerely,
Alan S., Tunbridge Wells



Caroline looks great herself in games kit and loves dressing up as a schoolgirl. She has a most spankable bum and we often enact your story lines.

I enclose two photos of her which you may like to use in one of your issues for other readers to see. They might like to suggest how they would discipline her if they were responsible for her.

Simon L., Ealing

Dear Editor,

You publish many superb pictures of young women wearing only knickers or with bottom bare. They are either waiting to be spanked or being spanked. I find them quite delightful.

However, I have to tell you that a real turn-on for me is a shapely girl wearing tight jeans. Her bottom must be really curvy and the jeans

Dear Sir,

My wife Caroline and I both enjoy your magazines very much since I discovered them a couple of years ago and introduced her to CP. She particularly liked the recent Uniform Girls 26 and 'Mr Carstairs Team' with those stunning girls in their sports kit and out of it!



past contributors call the 'instant glue effect.'

What I seem to have missed out on in the past are your Special Editions. I am glad to say that this omission has been rectified as today I acquired the current No. 7 Edition and what good value it is.

As my won't, I first turned to Feedback, and surprise, surprise, what do I find but a letter from myself extolling the virtues of the delectable Linda. As I said at the time Linda's eminently smackable bottom surely epitomises what the majority of your readers really want to read about and look at. Mind you I am apparently not the only fan of Linda as in the very same issue Mr O'Shea and his group of Liverpool bottom watchers extolls that picture on page 32 (Supplement 4) whereto the self-same Linda stands (naughty girl) lifting up her skirt to reveal a bulge of pussy bursting forth from her panties.

Glad to see that you continue to keep in mind those of who are interested in the Arts. I refer particularly to the story 'First Movement — Allegro' featuring the bekilted Miranda. Perhaps not quite up to the standard of James Galway but I bet that not a few of your readers would like to have those pink lips of hers around their flute! Even if one is not into music, Sarah in her ballet outfit is sure to get the old hormones going. That bum of her's pushing out of her black cut out leotard is a real sight for tired eyes.

Glad to see that your publication also continues to please those of us who are interested in the martial arts. I refer to your yarn 'Culprit for the Colonel'. That portrait of Miranda 'sans culotte' on page 28 must be one of the rudest pictures we have had to date. I was glad to see that you have introduced us to the self same model in your New Uniform Girls No. 27 albeit as 'Sergeant Priscilla.' The way that Major Forcett and Private Watkins humiliate her may not be too good for H.M. Regulations but who can blame them confronted by the delicious Sarge. She with her tits and her squashy bum.

Finally your Blushes Special treats us to a re-run of what I reckon to be the very best of your Join the

Dots series. I refer to the gal at page 38. The one with the splendid bum and the mind blowing titties. Yes I reckon that Supplement 7 gives all of your aficionados the very best of all worlds.

Yours faithfully,

P. Colesworthy., Sussex

Dear Blushes,

I was most pleased to read the request from one of your enlightened reader's asking to hear more from the female of the species. And what is more, you very quickly printed those who responded. I do hope we shall see more men making their women folk put pen to paper. It is piquant to think that added to the natural shame and humiliation of having to bare one's bottom, especially in company (this is a particular trend as far as I am concerned) and then having to write out in exacting detail how she responded to the sheer degradation in my mind really polishes up the final humiliationary act.

A friend of mine is a restaurateur and I, having nothing better to do one evening, decided to visit him to have dinner at his place. I winced, ate and chatted with him on what was a reasonably busy evening and then the waiter who obviously runs the place for him called him over to the counter. What had not gone unnoticed by me was a rather attractive young waitress who was dressed in the uniform of a black mini skirt, delightful tight stockings and also the proper pristine white blouse that completed her uniform garb.

The conversation, in whispers, between my friend and the head waiter was rather agitated I noticed and there was several nodding head movements towards the pretty young thing. This was intriguing me and when he came back, this buddy of mine told me that the young lady was a crook. She had gone into the gents cloakroom where the coats were hanging and stolen something from one of the customer's pockets. I thought it served the man right for leaving valuables there anyway, but of course, my attitude was most certainly wrong. The restaurant closed at the usual late hour and Dennis invited me into his back room.

There was the lovely girl, all tears and crestfallen.

'Well...what do you say...police or me?' he demanded.

I felt my nape start to prickle at the thought of something that I wanted to be party to actually going to be enacted. No way did the young woman, about twenty, twenty twoish want police involvement.

She did not actually make any verbal reaction when stockings, brief white panties and skirt came off...then he decided to go all the way; her eyes kept looking at me as her dressing became scantier and her blushes became deeper. She was soon down to nothing and standing as one would expect, hands on pubic hair and her knees pulled one over the other, she struck a delightful posture of a woman in deep shame. Dennis produced a strap...one would hardly expect him to have a cane! Then he told her to kneel on the arms of an armchair.

I am sure that the view when she did so after plenty of imploring, is one that needs no description from me. Quite honestly, this was the first and incidentally only time I have seen a woman so openly yet perfectly posed for a tanning.

So wide were her knees placed that as she eventually got into the proper position of fully thrusting backwards, that I was the witness to a most sensitive area of her body!

The scene that followed is something else too. That strap came down with devastating effect and to her credit she managed to remain still until the third striping stroke...then her shapely rear went to town on a rumba dance all of its own...it did not just move from side to side, but it virtually thrust about in a furious movement and even managed to move backwards and forwards like a pistoning reactor. I did not even count the number of strokes, but she just had to break the pose because of the obvious pain build up on her arse.

The head waiter too had witnessed this. So had the customer. So had I. News leaks out doesn't it? I can't even book a table there now, not unless I give a weeks notice!

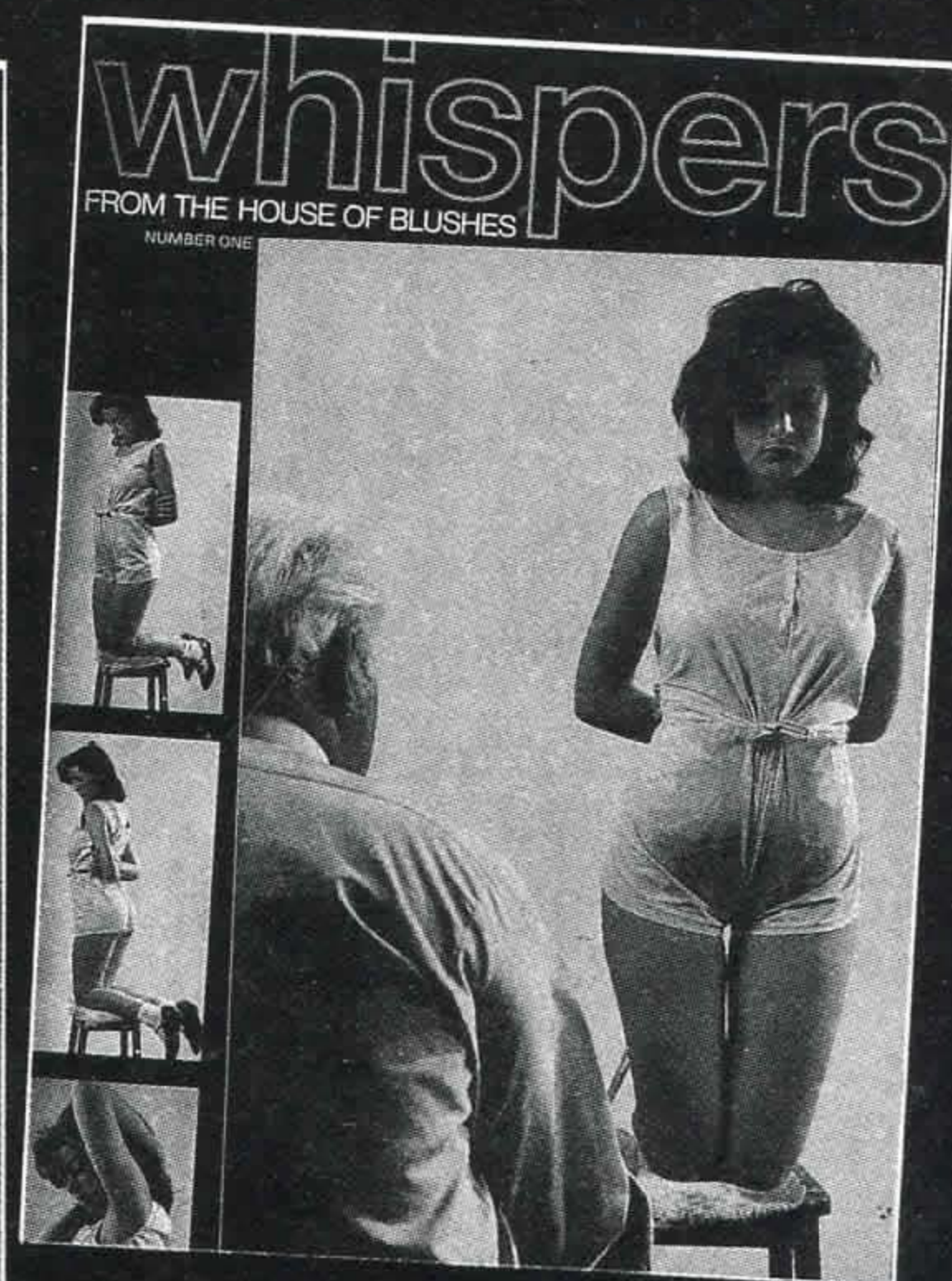
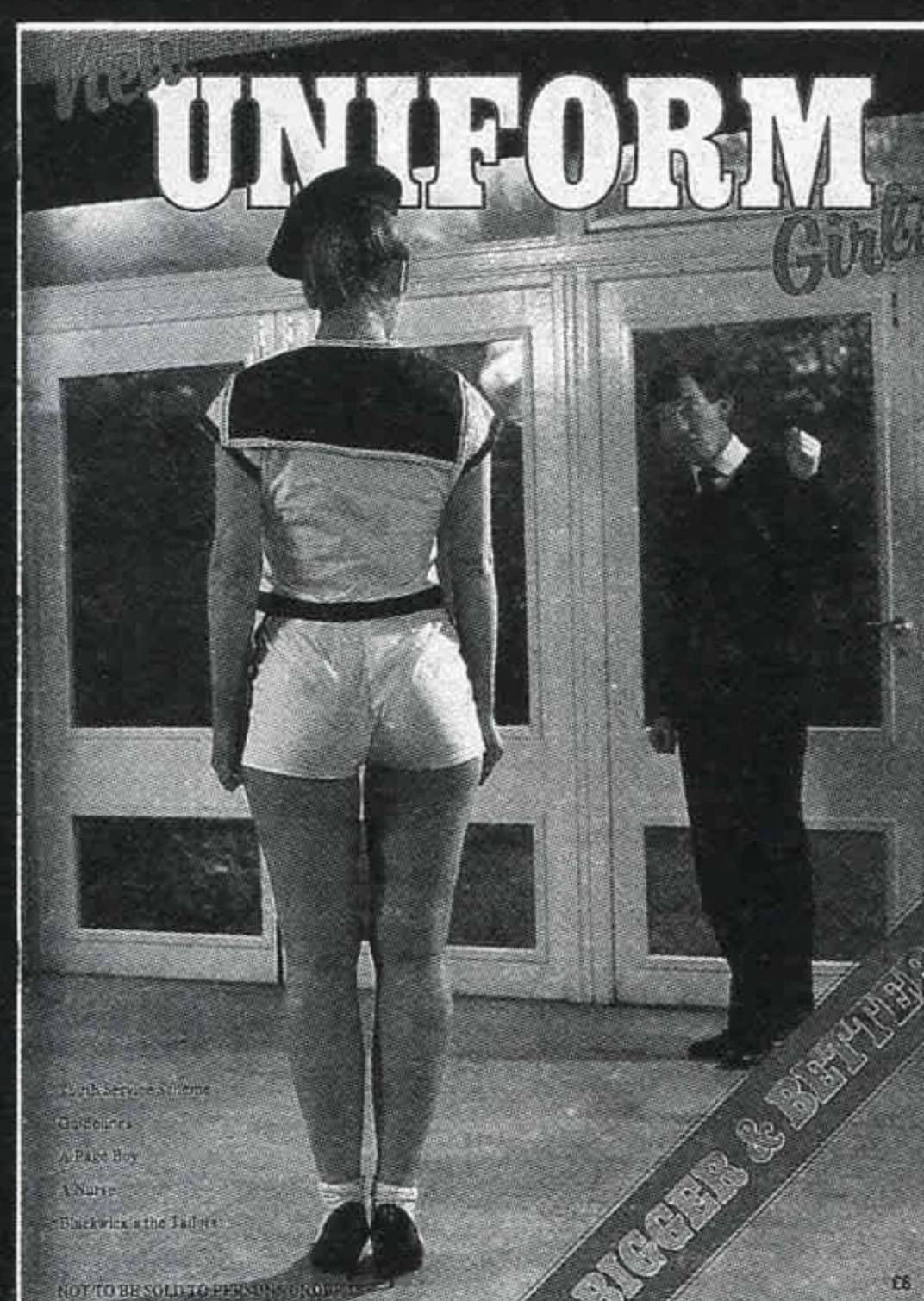
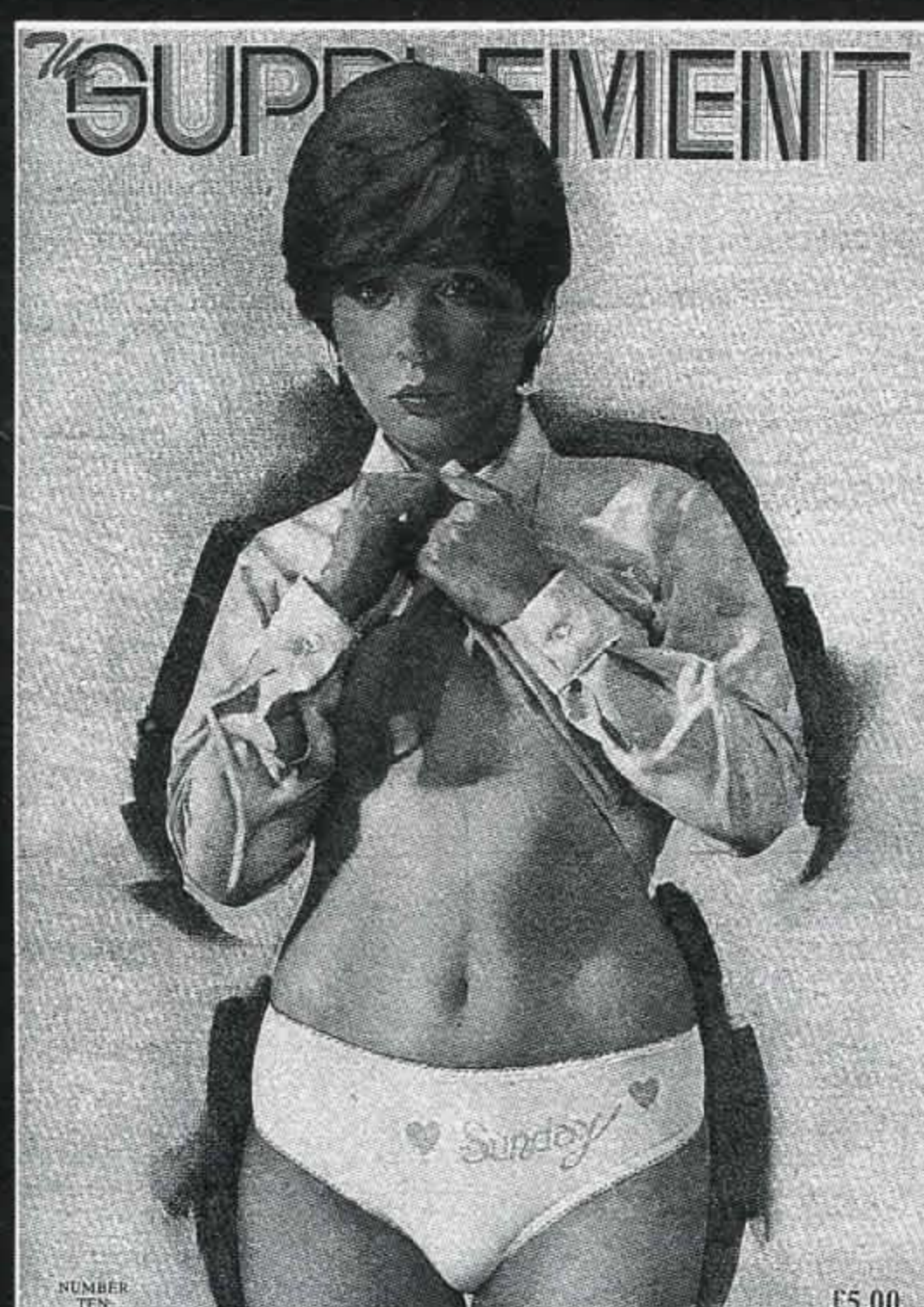
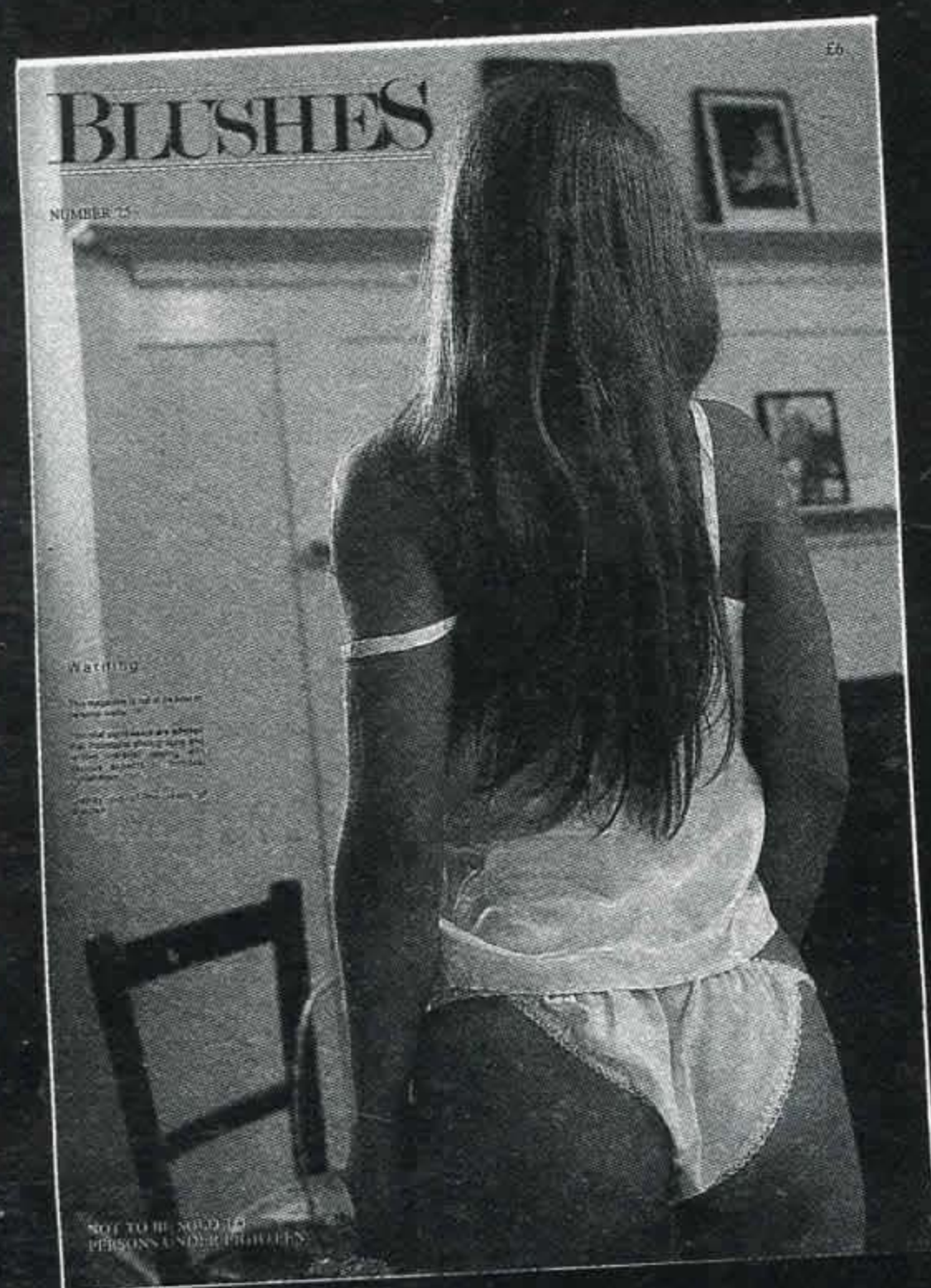
Dave P., Gerrard's Cross

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